

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

JULY 4, 1942

WHO'S WHO

JOHN ERSKINE, poet, educator, critic, essayist, has occupied the center of the literary stage from 1903 to 1942. By special arrangement with the *Catholic Digest*, we are publishing some of his more recent observations as a non-Catholic, on a matter frequently looked upon as a disturbance to "good neighbor" relations by our brethren in South America: the attitude shown toward them by Protestant missionaries from this country. . . . DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE's name brings to the magazine reader's mind a composite picture of innumerable rambles, sketches and explorations in the botanical world, with historical side-trips. Few contemporary writers have done more to popularize nature and nature studies than has Mr. Peattie. His story of the Liberty Bell is appropriate for Independence Day. Published here by special arrangement, it will appear in the *Reader's Digest* for August. . . . EDWARD A. M. FOLEY is a native Philadelphian who for nearly ten years has enjoyed the spiritual benefits of the Retreat House at Malvern. Now a defense worker, but formerly a reporter, rewrite man and assistant city editor of the quondam *Evening Ledger*, he is qualified to describe a working-man's reactions to the mild discipline of Christ's campaign for souls. . . . JOHN W. BARNES writes of his Alma Mater from the inside, for he is a cadet in Company "E," at the United States Military Academy, West Point. . . . JAMES TURNER is the pen name of a newspaper man, who, under his humorous approach to the subject of the Catholic novel, makes a good point that professional litterateurs might well weigh.

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COMMENT

WHILE the President was discussing with Mr. Churchill, the British Prime Minister, "the earliest maximum concentration of Allied war power upon the enemy," one discouraging report after another came from the major theatres of war. Tobruk fell unexpectedly and with scarcely a struggle, leaving Field Marshal Rommel free to concentrate all his forces for an attack on Egypt. Despite gallant and stubborn resistance, the Germans were pressing viciously against the Russian defenders of Sevastopol, the last obstacle to complete possession of the Crimean Peninsula. At Kharkov, what looked like a major Nazi offensive was developing. The news from China was mostly bad; and submarines continued to take a heavy toll of American shipping in the Caribbean, the Gulf of Mexico and off our Atlantic coast. What decisions were made by the President and Mr. Churchill we do not, of course, know, but the staggering problems they faced are evident even to non-military observers. Russia must be supplied immediately, with tanks and guns and planes, as must China. The Middle East must be strengthened to keep Egypt and the Suez Canal from falling to the armies of Marshal Rommel. Another major Japanese victory must be avoided at all costs. And sooner or later, the United Nations must open a front on the European continent and strike at the heart of the enemy. It is a dark hour for the cause of liberty and democracy, and the American President and the British Prime Minister will need all the courage and resourcefulness which they possess to make the decisions on which rest the peace and security of the world. May God inspire their deliberations.

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WILL farm policies in the United States move away from the "high price through scarcity" concept which has so long and steadily held us in its grip, under the powerful leadership of the Congressional farm bloc? Will we come to realize that the only sane and practical plan, particularly in a war emergency, is one which permits the maximum production of foodstuffs by the greatest number of individual farmers? This latter is the President's idea, in planning to sell Government owned wheat and corn below parity prices and in asking for an appropriation for the rehabilitation and other programs of the Farm Security Administration. This is likewise the idea of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference, whose secretary, the Right Rev. Msgr. L. G. Ligutti, has joined with representatives of farm organizations, organized labor (Messrs. Green and Murray) and other church groups in signing a letter to the President heartily supporting his plan. Appearances point to a speedy Congressional showdown on the pro and anti-farm-bloc policies. "We are confident," say the signers, "that

public opinion will support your position solidly on these crucial problems once that opinion realizes their major significance. . . . We earnestly urge you to take this problem to the people of our nation immediately." The signers claim that the present trend in favor of corporate and speculative farm interests is not only wrong in principle but thoroughly impractical as well. The sooner the public know the full facts, the better.

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NOT many years ago, we recall, a wealthy businessman who had gone to Europe to see the sights cabled his barber to join him by the first liner leaving New York. The gentleman maintained that tonsorial artists abroad didn't know how to give a man a decent haircut in the modern style. He wasn't going to look like a "hick," he explained to curious reporters, while he inspected the Louvre or ambled down the Champs Elysées! An extreme example, if you will, but all too indicative of our superior attitude toward most Europeans. What started this train of thought was a news story featured last week in the financial pages of the daily press. According to the latest figures, the amount of money in circulation, that is, coin and currency outside the banks, has reached the unprecedented sum of more than \$12,000,000,000. Of this, experts estimate that more than \$2,000,000,000 can be accounted for only by plain, old-fashioned hoarding! In other words, the enlightened people of this country, long habituated to banks and checking accounts, are, like the poor peasants of Europe, putting their money under mattresses or under coffee jars in the pantry—a practice not only disturbing to our national self-esteem, but full of dangerous possibilities. With inflation threatening us, \$2,000,000,000 is a lot of money to have lying around in cash. If the hoarders take a collective notion to spend this money, Mr. Henderson, the Federal Price Administrator, will be hard put to it to keep prices from bursting right through his ceilings.

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EDUCATORS and advisers of educators are much aroused by the revelation that less than ten per cent of American college students were enrolled in American history courses during the Spring semester. It is loudly said that this augurs badly for the patriotism of our youth. Just what they actually miss by not taking the history courses offered in the colleges is a matter of professional debate. If history is badly taught, the patriotic benefits are apt to be negative. If it cleverly imparts a complete misinterpretation of the past, the results are still poorer. But it is certainly a matter of very definite concern if our college students betray no *interest* in their country's history. Their

high-school years may have taught them only the elements, but they should at least have given them a thirst for more. Some of the debaters in the history controversy maintain that the college student should be learning the history of other countries, more than of his native land: a rather shallow position, since the two are correlative. But if they do study the history of other countries, they will find the university youth of those countries keen on learning about *their* own historic past and its heroes. Memories are not allowed to die of a Jan Sobieski, a Dollard des Ormeaux, a Jellachich, a Peter the Great, or any other member of the various pantheons. College history courses yes or no, love for American history must be preserved cost what it may.

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TO the president of the Argentine Senate, Dr. Roberto M. Ortiz, President of the Republic of Argentina, sent his resignation on June 24. Unfavorable conclusions of the physicians compelled him to reach that decision. Said President Ortiz in his letter: "God willed otherwise and I accepted His will." He had exhausted all human means, was willing to endure an operation and make every effort, but "God willed otherwise." News of this resignation will be received with sorrow in this country, for Dr. Ortiz has shown himself a friend of the United States, and we need the friendship of his nation at the present time. But his example cannot be lost upon Argentina or upon other countries as well. The times are not wholly dark when there are still not a few great statesmen and public servants who without hesitation place above all earthly considerations the holy Will of God.

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THOUGH official reports generally shroud Britain's aviators in anonymity, some of the more prominent among the flyers have become known to us. One of these is Brendan Finucane, affectionately known as "Paddy." He is a leading ace in the R.A.F. and many Americans who have read of his exploits will rejoice to learn that he has been promoted to the rank of Acting Wing Commander. In the ordinary course of military advancement, that should mean that he will shortly achieve full rank. Only twenty-one years old, this young officer combines gallantry and modesty in a way which would be a credit to a much older man. A fervent Catholic, he attends Mass and receives Holy Communion frequently. That ideal combination of youth and level-headed judgment, of daring and Christian humility, of love of God and country, is a heartening symbol. We may confidently leave the cause and the hopes of democracy in the capable young hands of men like Paddy Finucane.

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NOT the least of the evils of war is the widespread disruption of family life. Under the modern system of universal conscription, this evil assumes disastrous proportions, as France learned after the first World War when family life languished and the

birthrate took a dangerous drop. There is no sense in fighting and winning a war if after the ordeal a country's resources of manpower are exhausted for a generation or more. Realizing this, Congress did a statesmanlike job in revising the Selective Service Act. According to Chairman May, of the House Military Affairs Committee, as the new deferment program would work out, married men would not be drafted until the 1-A rolls are exhausted and unmarried men with dependents other than wives have been called. Then only after husbands who have no children and whose wives are gainfully employed had been inducted, would men be asked to leave their wives and children to serve in the armed forces. "Our purpose in this," Senator Lee, of Oklahoma, was quoted as saying, "was to give expression to the Congressional intent that the family shall be left intact as long as possible. . . . This is recognizing, in a legislative way, that the family is the fundamental unit of organized society." With this philosophy, as well as with the new deferment provisions, we are in complete accord.

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ARE we fighting for a "newer and better world," or are we not? To use the phrase of a great European Catholic churchman, it is important at this moment to "keep our dialectic straight." It is not so easy to keep it straight, because such language goes well with the crowd. If your "newer and better world" is further defined as a world where everyone will be properly housed, fed and clothed, your message is as simple as that of a mail-order catalog, and the crowd will applaud you. A soberer mind, however, will declare our war aims in less gaudy, but considerably more convincing fashion. What we are fighting for would seem to be the liberation of our country and of civilization—indeed of the human race—from the assault of a cruel and incredibly capable and treacherous enemy. The "newer and better world" is not going to arise automatically out of that liberation. Devastation, exhaustion and seeds for future wars are the natural fruit of the terrible struggle. But we can, in the midst of war, looking forward to the future peace, draft the foundations for a newer and better world, really newer and really better, because it shall have returned to God. This work, this strategy, is concomitant to our war aims, will support them and inspire them. Let us by all means avoid any entanglement in our "dialectic."

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THIS is not just a normal war. What is at stake today is not the transfer of a colony or two, or a few changes in national boundary lines, but the very nature of the future civilization of the world. We are fighting a war and a revolution at the same time. Consequently, efforts devoted to post-war planning are a part of the war itself. Unless the victor in the struggle can organize, as quickly as possible, all the complex forces in modern life and direct them toward political liberty and economic security, the peace will have been lost. In our own

country, many groups, private and public, are already studying the transition from war to peace, and the composition of our post-war economy. While they are accomplishing, undoubtedly, a great deal of good, there is need of an authoritative, over-all commission on which both the Government and the public would be represented. Such a commission would have all the prestige of a Federal agency established by Congress without running the risk of being a purely Governmental enterprise, prepared in the name of the State to "dictate" the form of our post-war economy.

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THIS seems to be the idea incorporated in a bill introduced last March in the lower House by Representative Voorhis, of California. According to this proposed legislation, Congress would establish a National Commission for Post-War Reconstruction, composed of five members of the Senate, five members of the House, and twenty-four members, appointed by the President, representing the executive branch of the Government, organizations of farmers, of labor, of industry and finance, religious, educational, public health and consumer groups. The Commission would conduct hearings and assemble and publish data relating to problems of the post-war period, with a view toward the "development of a practical plan and program for the continuous full employment of all Americans able and willing to work, and for the achievement and maintenance of a just and equitable relationship as to wages between agriculture and industry, to the end that free enterprise may be preserved." Although this bill has many obvious merits, it has been suffered, for some obscure reason, to languish in committee for over three months. That certain forces are opposed to it we can understand. What we cannot understand is the failure of the House leadership to give the representatives of the people a chance to vote on it. The Voorhis Bill should be brought to the floor of the House without further delay.

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THIS business of women in the war is exercising the Hierarchy not a little, and with all the justification in the world. Cardinal Villeneuve, of Quebec, dwells upon the danger to family life that is inherent in women's working in factories. The Most Rev. John A. Duffy, Bishop of Buffalo, warns that women who work and leave their children in day-nurseries are fostering a dangerous "shifting of responsibility for the child from the parents to the community." And the Most Rev. James Duhig, Archbishop of Brisbane, Australia, favors discouraging marriages between American service men and Australian girls, because many of them are mixed and most of them are hasty. Such active interest and solicitude is not alarmist. It is constructive, for, as the newly elected President of the N.C.C.W., Mrs. Robert A. Angelo, remarked in her first address, it is the women of the world who must save the world's Christian homes. Otherwise the war will have been just so much wasted effort.

AMERICA AT WAR. In the first statement since their conversations began, President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill declared: "The object in view is the earliest maximum concentration of Allied war power upon the enemy, and reviewing or, where necessary, further concerting all the measures which have for some time past been on foot to develop and sustain the effort of the United Nations." . . . The House of Representatives passed the largest appropriation bill in history—\$42,820,003,067 for the War Department in the fiscal year of 1943. . . . Launched were the destroyers *Bell* and *Stevens*. . . . An enemy submarine dropped nine high-explosive shells on the coast of Oregon, near the Columbia River. The projectiles fell harmlessly in sand dunes. . . . Cuba granted the United States an anti-submarine base. . . . A convoy system to protect merchant shipping from Maine to Florida has been in operation for the last month, the Navy Department disclosed. . . . United States troops, it was revealed, are now stationed in England as well as in Northern Ireland. . . . Thirteen ships were sunk in the Caribbean, three off the Atlantic Coast. . . . Axis submarines are laying mines off the Eastern United States seaboard, Washington reported. . . . The Berlin radio declared the United States has strongly increased its defenses against Axis submarines. . . . Revealing that "operations in the Aleutians continued to be restricted by considerations of weather and great distances," the Navy Department reported some air operations against the Japanese in the island of Kiska, 650 miles west of Dutch Harbor. A small force of Nipponese ships in the harbor was bombed by Army aircraft, the bombs sinking a transport, damaging a cruiser. The flyers observed that minor temporary structures and tents have been set up by the Japanese. . . . Estevan Point, Vancouver Island, was shelled by an enemy submarine, no damage resulting. . . . In the Middle East, American Liberators and R.A.F. planes hammered at Bengazi, Libya, started fires, damaged railway sidings and piers. . . . In the Far East, Chungking reported that American Volunteer Group bombers raided Hankow, sank three river transports and a Japanese warship, shot down one enemy Zero fighter. . . . In the Southwest Pacific, General MacArthur's air force raided Timor, destroyed one of the Japanese interceptors. . . . Seven Japanese Zero fighters failed to interrupt an Allied reconnaissance over Rabaul, New Britain. . . . The Allies staged two aerial assaults on Rabaul. In one attack, they scored three direct hits on a 10,000-ton Japanese transport, destroyed enemy bombers on the ground, raked airdrome buildings and shipping. In the second assault, they inflicted damage on wharf installations. . . . An Allied raid on Lae, New Guinea, destroyed two enemy bombers on the ground. . . . In an aerial dog-fight over Port Moresby, New Guinea, during a Nipponese attack on that port, one enemy Zero fighter and two bombers were destroyed, the Allies losing two planes in the combat. . . . In Washington, the War Department announced establishment of a European theatre of operations for United States forces with Major General D. D. Eisenhower in command.

HARKING back to the tenth century, two hundred United States Marines gave concrete proof of the agelessness of Catholic customs. They attended evening Mass at the Marine Corps base, Quantico, Va., at six p.m. Thirty of them received Communion at this Mass, which was the first ever celebrated in the territorial limits of the United States. Such evening services are now permitted for men in the armed forces by virtue of a decree of the Sacred Congregation of the Sacraments. Careful restrictions guard the reverence due to the august Sacrifice: a four hours' fast from solid foods and an hour's fast from liquids is enjoined. The Marines may not have known it, but they were doing what millions of early Christians did and were, in addition, quite Shakespearean—confer *Romeo and Juliet*.

LISTING "three strong influences" which are urging Protestants to develop a doctrine of world order, the Congregational Christian Committee to Study World Organization places Catholic thought first. Says the report, published in the current issue of *Social Action*:

Catholic thought, with its assumptions drawn largely from the time when a united Christendom was a controlling idea and, within limits, an accomplished fact, is becoming better known and, in some respects, more influential among Protestant theologians.

The great Catholic doctrine of universal law, valid for all nations and superior to all human law, underlies the widely read pronouncements of Pope Benedict XV and Pope Pius XII on world peace, and the work of able scholastic thinkers and active committees of Roman Catholic clergy and laymen devoted to its realization. This doctrine had a major place in early Calvinism, as well as in Catholicism, and there are signs that it is again becoming indispensable.

The report asserts that Protestant churches are "increasingly aware of the whole world as their living space."

THAT Catholic thought finds expression in practical charity is strikingly shown in the recent announcement that the Bishops' War Emergency and Relief Committee, under the chairmanship of the Most Rev. Edward Mooney, Archbishop of Detroit, has made available \$50,000 for the relief of American prisoners of war in Japan. Together with \$25,000 already devoted to war emergency work in the Hawaiian Islands and \$10,000 for the same purpose in Malta, the sum now expended this year totals \$220,000. Last year one million dollars was the sum expended for the same Christlike purpose.

ONE heartening thing about this war is the obvious sincerity which marks discussions and planning for the future peace. The latest hopeful sign is the announcement that the Bishops' Committee on the Pope's Peace Points is compiling all Papal pronouncements on peace made since 1878. Two points are emphasized: first, the assurance to all nations, even hostile ones, that this peace will not be one of vengeance; secondly, preparation for a lasting peace by avoiding the errors of Versailles.

This will presuppose the establishment of an international moral code.

BRITAIN'S hierarchy is devoting its energy to the same grand scheme. A recent call issued by the four Catholic Archbishops challenged "all men of good will" to join a crusade to secure for every man and family "freedom from want and freedom from insecurity." The points as outlined included a living wage to assure every family the ability to save while living in comfort; the recognition that employers and employees are partners, not rivals; the opportunity for children to receive religious instruction in accordance with the wishes of their parents; decent housing; a ban on the sale of birth control material and obscene literature.

READING that the Rev. Frantisek Kvapil, of Nezamyslice in Bohemia-Moravia, has been executed at Brno for alleged complicity in the death of Reinhard Heydrich, deputy Gestapo chief and Reich "protector," we were reminded of Harold Denny's (the *New York Times* correspondent, recently returned from an Italian concentration camp) remark: "One characteristic of dictatorships is the superiority of the people in prison to the people who put them there." The superior group, according to him, includes 500 village priests of Czechoslovakia, 3,500 clergymen of France.

NOT many missionaries are launched on their career with prophecy. The Most Rev. Joseph Raphael Crimont, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Alaska, was. Saint Don Bosco met the very frail young scholastic and told him "you will become a missionary." Bishop Crimont has indeed been one for his forty-five years spent in the Northland. He has come to typify Alaska in American minds and richly deserves the celebration to be held in his honor on July 29, at St. James Cathedral, Seattle. Sponsored by the Most Rev. Gerald Shaughnessy, S.M., Bishop of Seattle, it will mark the eighty-five-year-old Prelate's episcopal silver jubilee. Warm felicitations to the Bishop of snow and ice.

SEEKING to bring together "men and women trained in scientific economic theory and Catholic moral philosophy for the discussion of problems of economic policy," a Catholic economic association is being formed under an organizing committee, consisting of the Rt. Rev. Msgr. John A. Ryan, the Rev. Thomas F. Divine, S.J., of Marquette University, the Rev. Eneas B. Goodwin, of Loyola and William H. Downey, of Notre Dame.

CORRECTION. Apologies to *Relations*, our Montreal contemporary, whom our Comments incorrectly quoted last week on the size of the Canadian armed forces. *Relations* did not say that Canada "has already an army of 6,000,000 soldiers; overseas force of 1,000,000," etc. The point was made by *Relations* that if the United States were making sacrifices in man-power proportionate to those of Canada, these would be the figures of the American forces.

FOR EIGHTY-THREE YEARS THE LIBERTY BELL RESOUNDED

DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

I HAD crossed the continent to see it—the most holy relic of American history. I stood in line, hat in hand, the day Bataan fell, to look for the first time at the Liberty Bell.

I waited among other Americans—Pennsylvania Dutch, Armenians, Iowans, Negroes, Hungarians—to see the symbol of what makes worthwhile all our sacrifices. I saw the look on the faces of the others, like the flag hung out in front of every house. I suppose I'd hung my own flag out, for we smiled at one another. This is the place where we can be our proudest—this Independence Hall in Philadelphia, where both the Declaration and the Constitution were penned and proclaimed.

So there it was! It hung from its beam of solid, handhewn black walnut, its shattered frame clinging by a fragile isthmus of ancient metal, its great tongue still.

Three armed guards never take their eyes off the bell, day or night. It is mounted on a mahogany truck fitted with smooth-rolling steel casters, so that these two thousand pounds of sacrosanct bronze could be rushed away easily and quickly in case of an air raid. Where the Bell would be taken is a secret, but it is no secret that any enemy raiding the Atlantic coast would think of Independence Hall as a shining mark, and of the bell as the core of our belief. For in letters indelibly blazoned around its crown it says: *Proclaim Liberty Throughout All The Land Unto All The Inhabitants Thereof*.

The choice of that verse from the twenty-fifth chapter of Leviticus was made as early as 1751, a bold prediction as well as a command. The man who selected it has remained too long unnoticed. He was Isaac Norris, Speaker of the Assembly of the Colony of Pennsylvania. Step by step he fought for American liberties, defying King and Parliament, yet did not live to hear his bell cry aloud the verse he chose for it.

Old Isaac Norris was chairman of a committee appointed by the Assembly to get them a bell from London-town that should be heard far and wide over the roofs of the largest and richest city in America. He placed his order with Lister, the most famous bell founder of England, for a bell of about 2,000 pounds weight, a bell you would hear even if you were the stubbornest Tory.

But perhaps the times were not yet ripe for liberty, for when the bell was hung in 1752 it cracked at the first stroke of the clapper. Engineers ex-

plain that "cooling strains" develop at the time of hardening, and cannot be detected; they say that such a flaw is molecular. They cannot tell you why a skilled founder sometimes turns out imperfect bells.

The Philadelphians asked Charles Stow and John Pass to melt the bell and remold it. They added American copper to make the metal less brittle. The tone of the first bell they produced was wretched, and they had to melt it up again and cast a third one. The result was a fine bell, to all sounds and appearances. It is twelve feet in circumference around the lip and seven feet six inches around the crown. The metal is three inches thick at the lip, the clapper is three feet two inches long. The over-all weight is 2,080 pounds.

When their bell was hung at last, Philadelphia rejoiced. It was rung not only to call the Assembly delegates, but on every possible occasion. Soon the neighbors complained of the brazen tumult and architects feared the vibrations would unsettle the graceful little bell tower. But the ringing went on, announcing occasions of joy and sorrow, or summoning the citizens to the public square to hear the news. Thus it took the place of the town crier, and the newspaper, as well as of the telephone, telegraph and radio of today.

It spoke to the people and for the people, for there is no musical instrument so democratic as a bell. Its single tone expresses unison. And the Liberty Bell is the great voice of this people, which no other on earth can contradict or shout down.

Those noisy days of the Bell's youth were stirring times. From Maine to Georgia the Colonies were becoming increasingly aroused by the encroachment of the Mother Government on their New World, new-won, hard-bought liberties. So the Bell was forever tolling alarum and excursion.

It rang when the Assembly in 1757 ordered Mr. Franklin to go to England and seek redress for American grievances. It was muffled in 1765 as the *Royal Charlotte*, with a protecting man-of-war, came bearing those hated stamps up the Delaware. It was muffled again as the crowd buried the stamp papers. When Parliament forbade the Colonies to manufacture iron and steel, hats and woolen goods, the bell roared forth the national rage. It was muffled again, in sympathy, when the port of Boston was closed.

Nine months later, on April 25, 1775, it brought people flocking to the public square to hear how

the Redcoats had been routed at Lexington six days before. Now, indeed, the great bronze throat might truly "proclaim Liberty."

Yet, in strict historical accuracy, the Liberty Bell did not ring on July 4, 1776. The Declaration of Independence was accepted by final vote on that day, and the document was rushed to the printers. During the next three days copies were mailed, or sent by special courier, so that from far and near a crowd gathered when on July 8 the Declaration was read aloud by Colonel John Nixon in front of Independence Hall, to the tune of cheers, musket shots, fireworks and a ringing of bells—the voice of the Liberty Bell shouting above them all.

But the big bronze crier was not allowed to rest in its tower. It stayed just long enough to rejoice in the first anniversary of independence. Then in September of 1777 it became apparent that the British were going to take Philadelphia, and Congress ordered the bell removed. Brought to the ground and shoved onto a rickety army wagon, it began its wild flight over wretched roads and hills. The wagon broke down and the sacred bell had a bad fall, probably still further injuring the metal. At last it was smuggled to safety in Allentown and secretly buried under the floor of the Zion Reformed Church. Its fate, had it remained in Independence Hall, can be imagined from the fact that the British turned the Hall into a prison for patriots. The bell might have been melted into a gun turned against American soldiers.

It was back in place to clang joy over the surrender of Cornwallis and from then on it was seldom still. It rang, muffled, for the death of Washington. It bellowed forth the election of Jefferson. It mourned the death of Hamilton and rejoiced in the visit of Lafayette. On July 4, 1826, it pealed forth the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. In 1832 the bell noted the passing of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the last living signer of the Declaration. Next it tolled for the death of Lafayette.

And then in 1835, on July 8, the anniversary of the day when it had first proclaimed liberty throughout the land, as the bell tolled the death of Chief Justice John Marshall, suddenly it cracked—never to be heard again.

And never again to be silent. For it is the symbol of our democracy and as such it is honored by the American people. It has traveled more than 20,000 miles on exhibition. Little towns through which it was to pass in the night lit bonfires along the railroad track so that people who watched might get a glimpse as it rolled slowly by.

For the Liberty Bell is almost a person, irreplaceable, immortal, a hero that was born in our greatest hour, lived through our glorious youth, moved, retreated, advanced, sang, shouted, fought and fell in the line of duty, silent after eighty-three years of glory.

The Liberty Bell is an American. A great American like Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln. A plain American like any of us or all of us. It is a bell in whose presence every man takes off his hat. It is a bell for which all the world is listening now.

WEST POINT IS TRUE TO AMERICA'S TRADITION

JOHN W. BARNES



THE VALUE of the United States Military Academy to the country is once more being demonstrated in this war, as it has been so often in the past. As its graduates lead our Army into battle all over the world, West Point is again in the news, and it may be interesting to look at it more closely and see what goes on behind its Gothic walls.

Synonymous with the words "West Point" is the United States Corps of Cadets, a military organization of over 1,800 young men between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five selected competitively from all over the country. To become a cadet one must pass rigid physical and mental examinations; thus it may be said that the Corps of Cadets represents the highest order of American youth.

The Corps of Cadets is organized according to height into twelve companies, each consisting of approximately 150 men. The first and the last four companies comprise the First and the Third Battalions, respectively, and contain the taller men, while the middle four companies comprise the Second Battalion. Administration of the Corps is effected by the First Captain and his Regimental Staff through the three Battalion Staffs and the twelve company Commanders.

Peculiar to West Point is the class system which has been in effect for well over a hundred years. For the first month of his four years a cadet is known as a "New Cadet," for it is not until the end of this period of intensive training that he is accepted with the rest of his class into the Corps of Cadets. "Beast Barracks"—as this four weeks of preliminary training is called—is a period during which every entering cadet is taught in no uncertain terms that element so essential to high morale in any military unit—discipline.

One must be able to take orders before he is allowed to assume a position where he gives them, and in "Beast Barracks" is laid the ground work for the development of exemplary leadership exhibited by West Pointers. For his first year a cadet takes orders from the three upper classes and must at all times show to them the respect due to his military superiors. Not until he has completed his "Plebe" year and has become a member of the upper classes is he allowed to "fall out" completely and assume the responsibility of giving orders.

The common hardships and toil experienced during "Plebe" year and the constant associations with one's classmates during the entire four years make for a spirit of all for one and one for all that cannot be found to exist elsewhere in the country in such a large secular group. The close ties that bind classmates together, coupled with the common heritage that the Military Academy imparts to all

its graduates, cannot be over-emphasized as important factors contributing to the coordination, cooperation, discipline and morale so vital to success in actual combat.

As pointed out above, the actual administration of the Corps is carried out by the First Class (seniors). Administrative and disciplinary supervision, on the other hand, are effected by the Superintendent and the Commandant of Cadets through the Tactical Department. To each of the twelve companies is detailed for a period of four years a Regular Army officer who is himself a graduate of the Academy. It is his duty to see that the company runs smoothly, that its appearance as a whole is maintained at a high standard, and that proper disciplinary measures are taken in case any cadet "steps out of line." The Superintendent, always a brigadier or major general and a graduate, is the Post Commander of West Point and sets, in collaboration with the Academic Board, the policy to be followed by the Corps.

Every cadet is required to take exactly the same courses; no cadet is allowed a choice as to subjects he would like to take. During the first year he takes Mathematics, English, French and Surveying. The second year he takes Calculus, Physics, English, French, History and Drawing. His third year consists of Analytical Mechanics, Fluid Mechanics, Thermodynamics, Aerodynamics, Chemistry, Electricity, Spanish and Drawing. And during his last year he takes Civil and Military Engineering, Military History, Ordnance and Gunnery, Economics, Government, Book-keeping, Law and Company Administration. Essentially, therefore, the academic curriculum followed at the Military Academy is an Engineering course. On graduation each cadet receives the B.S. degree.

Each cadet attends classes, recites and is graded in each subject from three to six times a week, depending on the academic schedule for that subject. The maximum grade is 3.0 and the passing mark is 2.0. If a cadet is deficient (average less than 2.0) at the end of the term, he is subjected to a final written examination on all the work covered during that term. If he fails to pass this examination, he is "found" and is automatically honorably discharged from the Academy for deficiency in academics. If, on the other hand, a cadet maintains an average of 2.7 for an entire year, he is entitled to wear a pair of stars on his collar during the following year.

The tactical program at West Point is designed to give each cadet basic knowledge of all branches so that when he graduates he will be well qualified to choose the branch of service with which he wants to serve. Another important objective of the tactical program is to acquaint the cadet with the necessity for and means of coordination among all arms of the service. Here again, as in the academic program, each cadet receives the same instruction that every other cadet receives, with the exception of branch instruction during his last year.

The school year is split up into three periods for purposes of tactical instruction. During the fall and spring periods of each of his four years, the cadet

takes part in close and extended order drill. In this way he gains experience in troop leadership and command.

During the Winter period the cadet receives tactical instruction by classroom attendance. But it is during the Summer that the cadet undergoes his most intensive training. After "Beast Barracks" he moves to Summer Camp where he spends a month with the First and Third Classes (the Second or Junior Class is absent on furlough). Emphasis is placed on physical training during this month, but the cadet is also given instruction on pitching tents, rolling packs and elementary combat principles. At the conclusion of Summer Camp and just prior to the beginning of the academic year, the First, Third and Fourth Classes all spend a week out on maneuvers in the vicinity of West Point.

After the completion of his first academic year, the cadet again moves to Camp for the duration of the summer. This is his first taste of intensive practical training in tactics. Every morning and afternoon is spent on a varied training schedule. The cadet qualifies in rifle, pistol and machine gun marksmanship. He learns the basic tenets of combat principles. He spends a week on practical military engineering where he attends demonstrations on demolition, and where he studies the assault and bridging operations connected with river crossings. He spends a week on signal communications and a week on principles of chemical defense. He undergoes instruction in coast artillery, field artillery and motor transport, and takes a week of riding. He learns how to use mortars, anti-tank weapons, hand grenades and bayonets. The climax of his summer training comes when he spends a week on cadet maneuvers after the end of Summer Camp.

After the end of his second academic year the cadet departs on leave for the summer. Except for Christmas leaves during his last three years and a few week-end leaves his last year, this Summer Furlough is the only time that he can be absent from West Point.

During his last summer the cadet receives his final period of field training. To gain first hand demonstrations in the special branches, he goes with his entire class to branch posts such as Langley Field for air corps, Fort Benning for armored force and infantry, Fort Hancock for coast artillery and Tobyhanna for field artillery. In addition to these trips he spends a week on a cavalry hike, and a week each on chemical warfare, engineering, advanced combat principles and signal communications. By the end of the summer, he is well qualified to select the branch to which he would like to be assigned after graduation. Based on his selection, together with his academic rank for three years, tentative assignments to branches are made and each cadet is given branch instruction during his last year.

One of the most important requirements for high morale and combat ability for a fighting army is physical fitness. This phase of army training is by no means neglected at West Point. In addition to the physical training that the cadet receives during his first summer, he must also take a gym-

nasium course during his first academic year. By the end of the year he must demonstrate his proficiency in fencing, wrestling, boxing, swimming and gymnastics.

During the last three years every cadet is required to engage in some type of athletics. Open to those cadets who excel in a certain field of sports are the following Corps Squads: cross-country, soccer, football and polo in the fall; basketball, gymnastics, swimming, rifle, pistol, indoor track, indoor polo, boxing, fencing, wrestling and hockey in the winter; and baseball, track, polo, tennis, lacrosse and golf in the spring. It is required for those cadets not participating in any of the various Corps Squads to engage in intramural sports.

For over a century and a quarter West Point has stood for a sense of duty above and beyond any personal interest. To do a job and do it well without regard to personal discomfort is a heritage that the Military Academy bequeaths to all its graduates.

The honor code in effect at West Point is unexcelled throughout the world. Every cadet is on his honor every minute and is honor bound to report all violations of the honor code that he sees. Quibbling is not condoned. A cadet can make one and only one violation of his honor and then he is no longer a cadet; immediate dismissal from the Academy is his punishment. The honor system is cherished by every cadet, and living the code for four years instills in him a sense of honor that he can never forget as long as he lives.

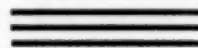
"Duty, Honor, Country" is the motto of West Point. Service to his country is the third principle of the Military Academy, and with it goes the realization that one can give his life only once for his country. This complete subordination of life to country is one of the essential qualities of leadership, and leadership is one of the greatest morale factors contributing to the success in combat of any military unit whether it be a division or a squad.

The missions of the Military Academy are threefold: to instill discipline and a high sense of honor; to develop the powers of analysis so that the mind may reason to a logical conclusion; and to instruct and train the Corps of Cadets so that each graduate shall have the qualities and attributes essential to his progressive and continued development throughout a lifetime career as an officer in the Regular Army. Everything that has to do with the Corps of Cadets—the academic, tactical and physical curriculums, the honor system, all the inherent traditions of West Point—is directed toward the fulfillment of these three missions.

That the missions of West Point have not miscarried and the traditions and principles of the Military Academy have not proved in vain is attested by the deeds of graduates in the present war. MacArthur, Kelly, Trapnell, Wainwright, Nimitz—these men will live forever in the minds of the people of the United States. Now, as in previous times of war and strife, the value of West Point to the country is being gloriously demonstrated.

MEN OF MALVERN BUILD A FORT OF FAITH

EDWARD A. M. FOLEY



FOR the third time that evening Mike O'Neil had been admonished by his wife for falling asleep while contentedly smoking his pipe in his favorite easy chair.

And for the third time Mike had pleaded innocence of any malice in doing so. He was tired. He had worked ten hours that day in the Frankford Arsenal and what, between the strain of the intricate machine work at which he was employed and the mental confusion which came to him after listening to his fellow workers talking and reading the daily newspapers, he marveled he was able to stand up under it all.

He was not allergic to hard work. He thrived on it. All his life he had had to work hard for the money he earned to keep his wife and children. He had started to work like so many others of his generation at an early age. He finished his apprenticeship and was admitted as a journeyman machinist. Then, with the perfection of the machine and the depression, Mike began to hit the rough spots in life's highway. He had reached the peak of his usefulness and, because he was born too soon, was only in the road.

Then Hitler marched his armies through Poland and set Europe afire. At first it was Europe's headache. They always were having wars, so why should we worry? The Atlantic Ocean was pretty wide and it would be really something for the Nazis to cross and carry on a war effectively.

Had the Nazis confined their efforts of world domination to Europe, it might not have been too bad for us. But their intrigue spurred others and then came the treacherous attack of the Japanese on Pearl Harbor.

This put an end to America's day-dreaming. She had been attacked by a nation which hitherto had been considered no better than a group of Boy Scouts hunting bugs in Fairmount Park.

The young sprouts of the flower of American manhood were nipped in the bud. They were inducted, entrained and encamped in all sections of the United States, Iceland, Ireland, Australia and the South Pacific area where the Japanese sneak attack had ignited the backfire.

"It's an ill wind that doesn't blow some good," thought Mike as he recalled that it was the hellish march of Hitler and the back-door attack of Japan that had put him to work for the first time in more than ten years. He had been working now for a year in the arsenal. Other "old men" like himself suddenly had been ushered to the front seats in the arena where America was staging her performance—"Struggle for Life—The American Way of Life."

To Mike, whose physical and mental capacities were being taxed greatly, it was confusing. In attempting to untangle the thoughts in his mind he recalled the words of Father Felix Farley at the recent men's mission at St. Anne's.

"We Catholics," Father Farley had said, "are each one of us like the United States. We must mobilize and watch for the enemy on both sides. We must guard against the human enemy who might at any minute rain death-dealing bombs upon us, and above all we must defend ourselves against the arch-enemy of God—Satan."

"This work, unlike much of the work of the volunteer civilian defense corps must not be limited to a few hours of each day. We must guard our hearts and souls and our minds against the wiles of Satan, the master propagandist."

"We must at all times be prepared to answer affirmatively Christ's question during His Agony in the Garden: 'Could you not watch one hour with Me?'"

"We must all renew our training," Father Farley continued, "and prepare ourselves for the battle to come. We must renew the training of our childhood when we knelt in prayer beside our beds and besought God's protection. Catholics must train themselves for a Crusade for Christ."

Mike's reverie was ended abruptly once more by the sound of his wife's voice as she again admonished him for dozing off while smoking his pipe. She interrupted her knitting to clear up the ashes Mike had spilled and then asked why he was so quiet.

Renewing his thoughts aloud to his wife he said: "You know, Mary, I was just thinking that every Catholic church is a stronghold against our enemies. But, too, I was thinking of a Fort of Faith which is not far from this historic city of Philadelphia."

"But surely, Mike," his wife declared "you don't mean to tell me that there is a Catholic fort near Philadelphia. I never heard tell of such a place."

"Mary, my darling," Mike said, "there is a Catholic fort near this city. It is out in Malvern along the fashionable and wealthy Main Line."

"And it is probably the only really bomb-proof shelter in these parts, too. Because within this fort each week is encamped an anti-aircraft unit of Catholic men who constantly are 'shooting up' prayers and supplications which the most formidable air force would find difficult to combat. It is virtually impregnable to air raids."

"This vast estate, once owned by a wealthy stove manufacturer, is the general headquarters of a sizable army of Catholic men. Like the national Army its members are young and old and come from varied walks and states of life."

"As one passes through its main gate, like upon entering a military reservation, one sees a small house, not unlike a guard house. However, no armed guard emerges, but occasionally one sees the caretaker who lives therein. He is a gentle person whose only malicious trait is destroying weeds and harmful insects which might damage the abundant foliage."

"Walking along the winding tree-walled path, one may conceive of the path as a deep trench burrowed in the ground. At the other end of the path one comes upon the main buildings of the reservation, St. Mary's and St. Joseph's Halls. Too, one finds that this military organization like the national Army, had to do some work of expansion, when one is confronted with the recently dedicated Corrigan Hall."

"Like in army camps the newly arrived soldiers must register, so at St. Joseph's-in-the-Hills, one must check in and be told where to sleep. And, too, like army camps, the first several hours after arrival are free. About the first thing the boys of Malvern's army do in unison is eat supper and they surely do justice to the meals selected and thoroughly cooked by the saintly nuns, yeowomen of this army."

"As in the army camps each new recruit gets an assignment, so each man of Malvern gets an assignment. This is followed by Confession and is similar to the conference held between the newly arrived soldier and his superior officer. Here the man confers with Jesus Christ, his Maker, through the medium of God's liaison officer, the spiritual director."

"The commanding officer of an army discusses with his staff the tactics to be followed in a major military campaign. At Malvern, the retreat master outlines the course of spiritual actions and thoughts to be followed for two and one-half days by the army of men mobilized before him in the chapel of the retreat house."

"Regular army troops usually spend a period of time in quarantine. At Malvern, the Corps of Christ observes strict silence beginning at 10 p.m., Friday. Taps are sounded at 10:30 p.m."

"A bell, not a bugle, awakens the boys at 7 a.m. Saturday. At 7:55 a.m., as if receiving a load of ammunition before going to a major battle, the Men of Malvern are armed with the fullness of graces received by attending Holy Mass."

"After Mass the army forms ranks and marches, not with goose steps, but slowly, across the stone flag path to the pole, to the top of which, accompanied by a prayer, is hoisted the flag of the United States."

"No shots are fired as the flag is raised aloft, but soon afterward is heard a rumble. It is the rumble of men's voices as they recite the Hail Holy Queen, en route to the dining room for breakfast."

"The second day of the retreat, one sees retreatants, as one would see soldiers in a large camp, hurrying about as they visit the various sentry-like shrines of the Blessed Virgin, Saint Joseph and the Sacred Heart, located about the grounds."

"As in the Regular Army soldiers are called to drill at various hours of the day, so, too, are Men of Malvern called upon to participate in spiritual activities either in the chapel or elsewhere."

"Guard duty begins at Malvern at 10 p.m., Saturday. Here the soldiers are called from their beds all during the night to take up their place guarding 'Christ the Prisoner of the Tabernacle.'"

"Virtually the same routine continues until clos-

ing time of the retreat late on Sunday afternoon.

"Although thousands of men visit Malvern each year, Mary," Mike went on, "there are still thousands of other Catholic men who could give up a short period of their time and take advantage of this wonderful training."

"Pray for them that don't, Mike," his wife directed.

"Sure, I do" said Mike, "every year when I go there myself."

"At Malvern," Mike continued, "one does not see the shadow of dive bombing planes over the ground. And sure, if you look closely enough, you can see the shadow of the wings of the Dove of Peace blotting out portions of the ground as it soars to and fro overhead."

"At Malvern one does not hear any cries from wounded victims but the voices of men loudly sing-

ing the lamentations of the Way of the Cross or the hymns to the Blessed Virgin, Saint Joseph or the Sacred Heart, as they march in groups to those shrines.

"Men of Malvern are called retreatants. They are not embarrassed by such a retreat in the military sense, but rather grateful for the opportunity to withdraw from the cares and troubles of a sinful world and renew their supply of ammunition against the forces of Satan."

"At Malvern there is no priority on ammunition. Each man can get all and more than he needs without a requisition. Each man leaves fully equipped as a bombardier ready to bomb Heaven with the most powerful weapon of all time past and all time to come—prayer."

"St Joseph's-in-the-Hills, Mary, is truly a fort—a Fort of Faith."

MISGUIDED PREACHERS BRING DISCORD TO SOUTH AMERICA

JOHN ERSKINE

Mr. Erskine, in his article, is careful to show that he writes as a Protestant; foreseeing that his language may not always conform to accepted Catholic practice. Out of respect for his frankness in characterizing some evident abuses, we have left his text unaltered even where we might question the doctrinal implications of certain assertions.—Editor.

LAST autumn, on my return from a visit to Argentina and Uruguay, I published an article ("Why South America Fears Us," *Liberty*, October 18, 1941) on the relation of the United States to those countries, and by implication to the other countries in South America. My purpose was to name the chief blunders of which we are guilty in our approach to our neighbors in this hemisphere. We talk of good will, and no doubt our will is good, but we cannot always claim as much for our manners. Instead of making friends, we give offense.

Among other causes of offense, I mentioned the practice of some Protestant bodies in sending missionaries to South America. I deplored the attempt, especially when organized in a foreign land, to win converts from one branch of Christianity to another. Such activity in South America seems the less excusable because the countries there are tolerant to all religions, quite as tolerant as the United States, by and large, and it seems to me a queer return for charity and hospitality to dislodge a

fellowman from the form of Christianity in which he was brought up and in which his pieties are rooted. Whatever may be the motives of this work, it seems to me, as I said in my article, pure destruction.

I was studying obstacles to international good will; my intention was not primarily to discuss Protestant or any other missions. The comments, however, which came to me after my article appeared, comments either adverse or approving, all centered on this one topic. I am convinced that the missionary question needs full and frank and immediate discussion. If there is to be a helpful exchange of opinion, the initiative, I think, should come from a Protestant.

PROTESTANT VIEW

I am glad that the ideas I here offer will appear in a Catholic magazine. What I say may not coincide in all respects with Catholic tradition, but at least it may indicate a point of view held by many Protestants, a point of view which we hope is not destructive nor unintelligent nor fanatical nor un-Christian.

Perhaps I ought first to introduce myself, or present my credentials. I am an Episcopalian. For various reasons, originally because of an interest in the history of music, I have acquired a more familiar acquaintance with Catholic doctrine, ritual and discipline than is usually enjoyed by Protes-

tants. I have a profound admiration for the art of thinking as developed by the Scholastics. This vast contribution to intellectual life survives in the secular education of some Latin countries but not in all of them.

THEOLOGY VERSUS PHILANTHROPY

Since I am a writer, and since I have had the privilege of following, according to my capacities, the career of scholarship, I naturally find myself much at home in countries which cherish the classical and medieval tradition and the Mediterranean culture. What I shall say here of North American missionaries in the Southern Hemisphere is colored, I know, by the fact that I recognize and value in all Latin countries a quality of mind and spirit which is not indigenous to the Anglo-Saxon or Germanic stocks from which my ancestry derives.

This intellectual and cultural tradition in the Latin peoples may or may not be due to the influence of the Catholic Church. Religion, of course, is concerned with various human needs, at different times and in different places. In the United States, if I am not mistaken, the emphasis on the magnificent philosophy of the Church is less pronounced than in some countries of the Old World. At least when I talk with my Catholic friends at home, it does happen in some cases that I seem to know more about their philosophy than they do, and I take a livelier interest in it. In South America, too, if I am not mistaken, the Church does not stress primarily the intellectual aspects of the Faith.

In a parallel tendency, which may be characteristic of America, Protestants grow weaker in their command of theology, and more preoccupied with the emotional or humanitarian aspects of religion. Their missionary work I should expect to be somewhat like their preaching, distinguished by will power, by loyalty to their faith, rather than by subtlety or precision in articulating it. If it is also true that Catholicism in South America is strong in its loyalty rather than in the command of its philosophy, then any collision in this hemisphere between Protestantism and Catholicism is liable to generate a maximum of heat, from which little benefit can come. Pity that Christians of whatever communion forget the obligation to love God with their mind as well as with their strength, their heart and their soul.

A FACT AND A FALLACY

Shortly after the publication of my article, I received a protest from a retired missionary, from a man who has conscientiously and sincerely spent his life in a South American country doing what I called the work of pure destruction. I cannot imagine any person less likely to agree with what I said, but he wrote it with such courtesy and dignity that I read his letter with pleasure, though his reasoning, I think, was wrong at every point.

In South America, at least in one part of it, he had found disease, poverty, ignorance, moral degradation, or at least some instance of these tragic developments. He had also found in South America

the Catholic Church. He concluded that the misery and sin must be attributed to the inadequacies of the Catholic religion, and that therefore Protestantism should crash in on an errand of rescue. His argument at greater length was this: Jesus Christ said: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." The purpose of the Protestant missions, he went on, was not to attack Catholicism as such but to preach the Gospel, which evidently Catholicism had failed to do, since in lands where it had long exerted its influence, evil and misery persisted.

The argument is absurd and easily answered, but it has been advanced before, and by missionaries who were not Protestant. If you do not like the religion of a country, it is entirely too easy to lay on it the blame of that country's social or economic shortcomings. The danger of the argument is that it may be turned on you like a boomerang. What about the individuals, even the whole communities, which conduct themselves decently and with every symptom of civilization, yet may be allied with no church?

HYGIENE AND HOLINESS

Furthermore, it is a dangerous matter to estimate the truth of a religion by the plumbing in the homes of the worshiper. If the plumbing is inadequate or unhygienic, it should be improved, but no intelligent person would try to establish a connection between plumbing and religion. The sanitary arrangements in Assisi when Saint Francis lived there, were probably as bad as they could be. If we now know, as we think, the proper safeguards against disease, we must accept the responsibility of that knowledge. If the Protestant missionaries to South America occupied themselves simply as salesmen of the modern bathroom, I should see in their efforts a benefit to society as well as a stimulus to the manufacture of bathtubs and water-closets. But to argue even by implication that those who possess and use such conveniences have therefore a better religion than Saint Francis, is an idiocy too painful to dwell on.

Moreover, South America is not the only part of the world in which underprivileged communities can be found—communities, that is, which may be rich in religious faith, in legend, in poetry, in artistic and cultural tradition, yet unprovided with modern plumbing. The mountaineers in our own Southern States, though often living in material conditions which may be called primitive, are in higher matters the custodians of a precious culture. They are for the most part Protestants, but I would not give Protestantism the credit of that culture.

MARTIN LUTHER AND JEETER LESTER

In other sections of our country there are people living in primitive conditions, in ignorance, in degradation and depravity. I reminded my missionary critic that the people of the *Tobacco Road* district were all Protestants, of a peculiarly ignorant and fanatic type. If they were dealing with Catholics, they probably would show the Church of Rome

little mercy. The South American, through the book and through the film, knows *Tobacco Road* well. Would he be right to blame that awful degradation on Protestantism? Would Jeeter Lester, poor half-wit, be a more hopeful human specimen, physically or mentally, if he were baptized into a new faith?

We had better not link social conditions with the traditional religion of a country, not so long as the sore spots in human society are pretty equally distributed among all countries. There is plenty of room for our missionaries at home. The Catholics in South America have their hands full within their own borders. It would be well if we did our duty where we belong, and instead of tripping up our neighbor, wished a blessing on him for doing his duty also according to his conscience in the place which Heaven has appointed for him.

My friend, the retired missionary, wrote that he and his colleagues "are endeavoring to follow the command of the Lord Jesus Christ, when He said, in Matthew, xxviii, 19, and in Mark, xvi, 15: 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.'" My understanding of this command, especially in the longer version given in Saint Matthew, is that we should carry the truth to those who have not already heard of it. The missionary activity of Protestants or of Catholics in those parts of the world which do not yet know the Christian philosophy, I admire, but the Gospel has already been preached in South America, and very well preached, indeed.

If my friend the missionary, from his Protestant standpoint, questions the ability or the right of the Jesuit pioneers to introduce the Gospel before he arrived on the scene, or the authority of the older Church in the centuries before the various Protestant bodies came into their separate existence, he will, I am afraid, get himself into a tangle. His own conduct as well as his interpretation of history will show a contradiction.

The words of Christ as reported by the first evangelists are: "Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." If the Protestant missionary in South America believes that the Catholic Church has not taught the Gospel, does he believe also that the Catholic Church has not baptized? Would he say that South Americans, though baptized into the Catholic Church, are still not Christians at all, but heathen? Of course he won't say this.

We must deal with a problem as complicated and as profound as human nature itself. Many Protestants believe, of course, that the Reformation was a moment of spiritual and intellectual progress; perhaps some Catholics admit at least a modicum of good in the work of the Reformers. But I am one of those Protestants who regard the divisions among Christians as a vast tragedy. That the revelation of the love of God to men of good will should produce among the professed followers of Jesus prejudice, hostility, even hate, is such a paradox as a devil might invent. In time and in the mercy of God we shall, I believe and pray, be one

again. But human nature will still be human nature in a reunited Christendom as before the Reformation. There will still be differences of temperament and of taste, and those differences, though often not essential, may nonetheless strain charity.

AN ANECDOTE AND PARABLE

The conflict was dramatized for me one morning as I came into the harbor of Buenos Aires on the night boat from Montevideo. I was standing at the rail enjoying the view of the great city in the early mist, when a pleasant looking young man stepped up to me and recalled that our paths had crossed in the Uruguayan city where I had been lecturing.

"I noticed," he said, "that you quoted the Bible, a story from the Old Testament."

This remark in that place and at that hour of the morning got my attention. I began to divide and define his words, in the best scholastic tradition. Why should he consider it momentous that anyone should quote the Bible? Or that I should? Or that I should quote in particular the Old Testament?

"Would you mind telling me your attitude toward the Bible?" he went on.

I laughed. "What on earth do you mean?"

"From your novels I'd expect you to be a modernist, but you told that story as though you were a fundamentalist. Where do you stand on the higher criticism?"

He was incredible, but his manner was not impudent, and I felt no impulse to kick him overboard. "The higher education," I said, "seems to me highly speculative, but I suppose my approach to the Bible is peculiar."

"In what respects?" he asked eagerly.

"I read it."

That got a smile out of him, but he hurried on to important business. "What about the missionary effort?"

"Oh, is it an effort?"

"I mean, do you approve of missionaries?"

"Just now," said I, "I'd hate to be one. I'd rather not talk to the heathen about the religion of love while the Christian nations are tearing each other limb from limb."

"I wasn't thinking of the heathen," he said. "My father has been a missionary in South America for over thirty years. He'll be on the dock to meet me. Father's a wonderful man. . . . Oh, there he is now! Hi, yi! Hello, Dad!"

In the happiness of seeing his father he forgot me. His father, a tall, serious man with a kind face, brightened with joy at sight of him.

There is the problem in the flesh. Even if I had talked with the young man longer, I would have said nothing to diminish his affection for the older man, yet every nerve in me cries out against the way his father has spent his time, and against the narrowness and lack of culture in the young man's questions.

God forgive my quickness in judging! I suspect absurdities and wanderings in my own mind and heart, which I have not yet completely faced, but some day I must.

PROBLEMS OF PEACE

AS some sort of shape appears to form among all the discussions and proposals concerning the future peace, agreement seems most readily at hand as to one capital point: there must be some elementary measures agreed upon now, which will give temporary stay to chaos immediately after an armistice has been declared.

Very general approval, therefore, may be predicted for the proposals of Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson, in their scholarly book, *The Problems of a Lasting Peace*. They recommend that the "peace-making be divided into three stages":

First, immediate settlements of certain problems that will not brook delay.

Second, an intermediate period for rebuilding of political life and economic recovery.

Third, a subsequent period, of more or less indefinite duration, for settlement of the long-view problems which require a cooling off of emotions, deliberation and careful development.

Among the "immediate" problems, Messrs. Hoover and Gibson include instant action on worldwide demobilization and reduction of armaments, and the setting up of temporary *de facto* representative governments.

Much more vehement, in all probability, will be the conflict of views as to the principles that are to guide the lasting peace once the era of purely temporary adjustment has passed. Again, however, Messrs. Hoover and Gibson succeed in elaborating certain ideas that are bound to gain prevalence as the debate continues. "History," observe these two former practitioners in world affairs, "is probably less instructive on what to do in the future than it is on what not to do." But out of experience, out of at least a quarter-century's trial and error, emerge, in their minds, such practical lessons as the sterility of complete isolationism; the need of establishing some juridically grounded international institution to keep the peace; the essential role of representative government in any plans for a stable world order.

Experience has stripped us of our illusions, our forgetfulness of the "dynamic forces"—economic, national, military, etc., rivalries—which Messrs. Hoover and Gibson envision as the unbidden guests at every peace table. They are aware, as is Pope Pius XII, of "the almost superhuman strength and good will required on all sides." They are aware, too, of the great variety of arguments that can be marshaled for and against any one concrete proposition, the radically different forms that any plan for world organization and world cooperation will assume. Certain characteristic slants—economic, political—that are apparent in their treatment of current issues are by no means sure of meeting general acceptance at home or abroad. But the publication of their views is another item added to the evidence piling up as to the need of planning now, and planning effectively, for the organization of post-war peace—after first winning the war—in a manner that will courageously face the "gigantic" task of reconciling the whole world's interests with our country's own.

EDITOR

MR. DAVIS AND THE O. W. I.

IN assuming his duties as head of the new Office of War Information, Elmer Davis, veteran journalist and radio commentator, steps into one of the most difficult jobs in Washington. He finds himself the boss of an estimated force of 30,000 Federal workers, hitherto scattered among four separate information agencies, with full power over the dissemination of all official news and propaganda within the United States and, except for Latin America, abroad.

This grant of power, as the President said in his executive order, involves the authority to "eliminate all overlapping and duplication and to discontinue in any department any informational activity which is not necessary or useful to the war effort." So sweeping are these terms that it is too early as yet to analyze all the implications. This much is obvious: Mr. Davis, in collaboration with Byron Price, director of the Office of Censorship, will determine what you and I shall know about the war.

The President's choice to head the new agency will be generally approved. Mr. Davis' long and distinguished career as a journalist and, in later years, as a radio commentator, his recognized ability to report facts clearly and interpret them logically and succinctly, his own criticism of the past policies of Federal informational agencies presage an intelligent handling of war news. On being asked for an opinion of his new job, Mr. Davis said he intended "to give the public as quickly as possible as much of the news as possible."

With this laudable objective the public will heartily agree. The American people do not want to be coddled by the suppression of bad news or the exaggeration of good news. Neither do they wish to be further confused than they are at present by conflicting statements from Government officials and agencies. They want the entire truth, with only one limitation: where the news would assist the enemy or endanger the lives of our men, they are satisfied to remain in ignorance. We wish Mr. Davis every success in his purpose of giving us "as quickly as possible as much of the news as possible." If he does this, the nation will fight totalitarianism in the best traditions of democracy.

JULY 4, 1776

PEANUTS

IN an older day, your sturdy Briton expressed his low esteem of an object, or of a situation, by saying that he did not care a rush for it, or a pin, or a farthing. "I do not set my life at a pin's fee," glooms Hamlet. Going farther back into history, we find that the ancient Romans, to quote Dr. Blimber, used the nut to express the same judgment.

But they were not thinking of the peanut. They could not pierce the veils that enshrouded the future, to perceive an elderly gentleman of African descent whom the whole scientific world now hails as Dr. George W. Carver of Tuskegee Institute. Had this vision of the future been vouchsafed them, they would have marked an exception for the peanut.

For Dr. Carver has studied this humble nut, and raised it in public esteem. Once it was something that people ate at circuses, and washed down with pink lemonade; an ancestor of the "hot dog" and similar fearful compositions which, purveyed by corporations at baseball games, increase the number of capitalists, and also the nation's incidence of dyspepsia. But Dr. Carver has made the peanut a source of wealth to the South, and in an article recognized by the medical fraternity as possessing marked nutritive value.

Yet the peanut is not Dr. Carver's sole title to fame. Touched by his magic wand, the sweet potato, the soy bean and various weeds and grasses have become sources of aid to poor and struggling farmers. To Dr. Carver, every field, however barren, supplies material which he can transform into gold. Well may it be said of him, that he has touched nothing that he has not enriched.

We salute Dr. Carver, recently chosen as "the man of the year in service to Southern agriculture." But the man himself is greater than his works. Born in slavery, knowing from childhood the sufferings of his people, he has labored to teach them how to rise from destitution and ignorance. But he has never allowed them to forget life's most precious concerns. With Saint Thomas, he knows that a certain amount of comfort is necessary for the practice of virtue. But he also knows that all our happiness is found in seeking first the Kingdom of God.

LIGHTING his candles, the lanky red-headed young man looked about him. The furniture in that room on the second floor of a bricklayer's house on Market Street in Philadelphia was of the simplest, but there was a deal table near the window, and a high-backed chair. He had brought his inkhorn with him, and paper.

The young man sat down, and for a moment rested his face in his hands. Then he drew his paper to him, tried his quill and fell to work. *When in the Course of human events, he wrote, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another and to assume among the Powers of the earth to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them. . . .*

That was but an introduction. What this young man, alone "without book or paper," was to write that night was a document which men would hold precious as long as love of that liberty wherewith Almighty God has endowed His images, should endure.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. . . . Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations . . . evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty . . . to provide new Guards for their security. . . .

The night wore on. The street was still, save for the occasional cry of the watch. The task that had been imposed upon the young man was nearing an end. "Twelve o'clock," called the watch, "and all is well."

. . . That these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be Free and Independent States. . . .

Again it is twelve o'clock, this time a dark midnight in the history of the world, and all will be well when the governors of nations respect the principles which on that June night in 1776 Jefferson set forth brilliantly in the Declaration of Independence. But if out of all this bitter misery which afflicts the world, a spirit arises which attacks the rights wherewith an all-wise Creator has endowed every man, nothing will be well. That spirit will establish in all the world the darkness of totalitarianism. For it is a godless spirit which, because it hates God, must also hate man, the object of God's beneficent gifts.

God or Satan? Free governments for free men, or tyranny? If we reject God, and government fit

for God's children, we turn perforce to Satan and totalitarianism.

Thomas Jefferson wrote better than he knew. The famous Declaration opens with a statement of the principle that man does not derive his rights from the state, but from God, the common Creator of man and the legitimate state. It closes with an affirmation of the reliance of "the thirteen united States of America" on "the support of Divine Providence." He did not dream that what he wrote that night would establish him among the world's immortal statesmen, for he felt that he had merely stated what his fellows had thought about, and believed, for years. What he did not consciously know was that he and his fellows had derived their beliefs from Catholic teachers.

As the English Dominican, Prior McNabb, has observed, what was latent in his mind had been explicitly formulated seven centuries earlier by Saint Thomas Aquinas. "Man is not subordinated to the body politic to the whole extent of all he is, and all he has," wrote the Angelic Doctor. "But man's whole being and powers and possessions must be referred to God." Saint Thomas would not admit the totalitarian state, claiming man's first and highest allegiance. Man's first duty to God included the perfect fulfilment of his duty to the legitimate state, but the state which struck at the rights of God over His creatures, or sought to destroy the rights which inhered in man as a creature of God, deviated from sound reason, and its edicts were "no law at all, but rather a species of violence." And what Saint Thomas taught had been adopted and evolved and made applicable to pertinent occasions by a long line of Catholic teachers, among them Suarez and the great Bellarmine. Well did they know that it is folly to speak of man's inalienable rights, unless we base those rights upon an acknowledgment of God, man's Creator.

Here is a doctrine, the fundamental doctrine of the Declaration of Independence, that strikes like a sword of flame at all forms, however disguised, of totalitarianism. Upon that doctrine this Government is founded, for the Constitution which created this Government is but the exponent of the principles of the Constitution. Under the Constitution, works of religion, charity and education have flourished as in no other country under God's heaven. But we are living in a fool's paradise, when we believe that the principles of the Declaration and the Constitution are self-enforcing. These are but scrolls covered with empty words, unless we make ourselves a people able to understand them, quick to enforce them, worthy to live under them.

Are we that people? Can we make ourselves, by upright living and an awakened political sense, a people worthy of the freedom which our fathers won for us?

"Today, we are engaged in a great . . . war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure." Lincoln's words are truer today than when he spoke them at Gettysburg in 1863. Well may July 4, 1942 see a nation on its knees to invoke, as did the Signers of the Declaration, "the Protection of Divine Providence."

IN HIM OUR SOLACE

IT was Saint Mark who wrote of Our Lord: "the mass of the common people liked to hear him." That brief sentence tells us more about Jesus than we could learn from the study of many learned books. On more than one page of the Gospels we read how people sought Our Lord, and sometimes, as in the Gospel for tomorrow (Saint Mark, viii, 1-9), great crowds found His words and manner so engaging that they remained with Him for days, and left Him with reluctance.

Who were the people who came to Jesus? For the most part, they were people in trouble of mind or body, and, with a few exceptions, they were "common people," men and women of no station or importance in this world. But to Jesus, everyone of them was His brother or sister, a child of God, a soul that He had come to save. He welcomed sinners, and even sat at table with them. Once when some mothers brought their children to Him, and the Apostles, very important in their new dignity, tried to turn them away, He took the little things into His sacred arms to caress them, and after dismissing them with His blessing, bade the crest-fallen Twelve take them as their models. The whole country was full of stories about this Man Who spoke as no man had spoken, Who did not fear to denounce the hypocritical Pharisees, or to scourge the hucksters from the Temple, or to invoke a fearful doom upon any who led the young or innocent into sin. Yet at the same time He was meek and gentle and merciful.

If you could have asked one of these common people the secret of the charm of Jesus, he might not have been able to give a brief answer. It was not only the way He looked at you, or the things that He did, or words that He spoke. It was none of these, and all of them, and something more. True, there was unutterable kindness in His look, and when He spoke there was music in your ears, and joy in your heart. After you had looked upon Him and heard Him, the world could never be the same to you. He had revealed to you the Kingdom of His Father, to be won by all who would hear His word and practise His law of love in a world that is full of bitterness and injustice. We loved Him, because He made us feel that He loved us, and wanted to help us in all our trials.

When shall we learn to share the love of the common people for Our Lord? Too many of us persist in thinking of Him as One Who is, of course, the Son of God, but no longer the merciful Saviour Who went about among the people to help them in their distress. But Jesus, Who now makes intercession for us with the Father, is the same Jesus Who said, "I have compassion on the multitude," the same Jesus Who fed a crowd of more than four thousand with seven loaves and a few little fishes, the same Jesus Whose Heart was pierced for love of us on Calvary.

O hearts that mourn, and all whose days are filled with sorrow, turn with confidence to Jesus for strength and consolation. For "Jesus Christ is the same, yesterday, and today, yes, and forever."

LITERATURE AND ARTS

THE CASE AGAINST PERFECTION

JAMES TURNER

THE welfare of Catholic letters has been well served by the discussion in *AMERICA* of the shape and future of the Catholic novel (August 23—September 20). There would be no point in this writer's adding his word to the discussion were it not that his eye had been caught by a criticism in one of the articles. I have not at hand the copy of *AMERICA* in which the criticism occurred. I do not even recall at the moment the name of the critic. I cannot quote the words of the criticism directly but the meaning is still clear in my mind and I believe gives warrant for further discussion.

The criticism was directed against the writings of Doran Hurley and was offered more in sorrow than in anger: sorrow that the Hurley talent had not found stronger expression in the field of the novel. The critic did not find fault with what Hurley had already accomplished (and that accomplishment is more significant than many would admit) but with what he thought Hurley had failed to do. The impression left upon this reader was that Hurley should drop Mrs. Crowley and shoot at "the great Catholic novel."

Perhaps the historian of Mrs. Crowley and her colleagues should do that. After all, who is Mrs. Crowley? And why should our minds be forced to the consideration of the doings of the Old Parish when there are so many fine new parishes? And what, it may be asked further, have Mrs. Crowley and the Old Parish in common with the big ideologies of the day?

Very little, I fear, and that brings me nearer to my point, which is that there is no such thing as "the great Catholic novel," any more than there is such a thing as "the great American novel." And that is the beauty of it all, for, I must ask, what would the world do if there were in brutal fact the "great Catholic novel" or the "great American novel"? More specifically, what would the reading public do if such a calamity occurred? Surely it could not go on reading over and over again the one novel. In desperate self-defense it would have to descend to lower levels for the satisfaction of its reading appetite. I do not dare to speak of the fate of the novelists who, standing before the Great, would know, with crushed hearts (and unpaid bills) that they were gone goslings.

Let us pursue further, through simile, the sub-

ject of our plight if the Great had been written and all was over. Let us suppose that the perfect baseball game had been played (shall we say at Ebbets Field?) and by logical edict the game itself had been abolished. I pause a moment while you inwardly contemplate the darkness that would descend upon this fair land. No more would be heard the pleasant and stimulating sound of hickory against horsehide, no more the glorious thunder of the crowd at the grand-slam homer.

The simile is perfect and describes in minute detail the sufferings of the novel reader bereft by the achievement of perfection. I, for one, shall not have it. I shall not stand idly by and see my fellow humans suffer this misfortune. I will not have perfection in the novel any more than I will tolerate perfection at Ebbets Field.

The perfectionist will take issue with this pronouncement and argue against it from the artistic, the moral and the theological points of view. He will seek to refute the case against perfection from sound reasons not unconnected with the salvation of souls and the urge to sanctity that is encouraged by the best among us. I respect these arguments, for I learned their validity in the Catechism, which happily continues as a best seller.

Yet my respect does not lead me into the error of conceding defeat at the main point. It still is true in the case of the novel, as it is in the case of baseball, that perfection is of dubious value. I will grant you an occasional masterpiece but, as for complete perfection, I will not have it. I will not have it in Dickens, or Doran Hurley, any more than I will have a Yankee team that goes through the season without the loss of a single, solitary game.

One hears mention of "aspiring authors" and it is with regret I note that the phrase is often used in either a derogatory or supercilious sense. Why it is so used I cannot for the life of me tell. To me an author is an aspiring author or he is not worth his salt. He remains worth his salt as long as he aspires, for when aspiration goes, achievement is not far behind. When there is no longer aspiration (and I do not rule out the aspiration for a comfortable bankroll) the great crop of writings from which the occasional nutritious morsel is culled dwindles and becomes sparse to the reaper.

Implicit in the rather unfriendly attitude toward the "aspiring author" is the thought that no work of authorship is really worthwhile unless it is perfect according to the standards of the reader. The thought is a wholesome one because it comes from that longing which ultimately comes from Heaven, yet even so I will take issue with it in this discussion. I will urge the fact that, when all is said, the proper stuff of the novel is the human being, and the extent to which the novel embraces humanity in its scope is the extent of its real success. And humanity is not perfect, or I have been deceived by the mission Fathers and, worse still, have missed the real and tremendous significance of the Sacrament of Penance.

The reader being imperfect, it follows that his own standards are not perfect and may, in point of fact, differ very much from the standards of other readers. So it may happen that to one reader the novelist is simply "aspiring," while to another the author may have got too close to perfection. Each, in his own way, is implicitly demanding the "great Catholic novel" or the "great American novel," and it will be a sad day for both when the demand is satisfied. What, I must inquire, would happen to baseball if Ted Williams should bat for 1,000 in 1943?

But I cannot leave the perfectionist in tears. I will agree with him that the longing for perfection has a tremendous validity and origin. I will agree with him that the word perfect has a big meaning even when it is applied to the perfect jitterbug. I will go further with the perfectionist and suggest that if the article "a" were substituted for the article "the," it would not be debilitating to use the word "great." I could stand for "a" great Catholic novel or "a" great American novel, just as I make frequent pilgrimages to the baseball park in the hope of seeing a great baseball game, though it might not be a great game for the partisans of the losing team.

For the further consolation of the perfectionist, I will admit that it is difficult indeed to assign a proper status to anything so intangible as a novel. The thing itself is as slippery as an eel, for with the exception of a very few recognized standards, the novel is quite without yardsticks for measurement, and to say of it that what is meat for one is poison for the other comes reasonably close to accuracy. (I rule out sewer literature which is distinguishable through the use of any normal sense of smell.)

Now for the moral. The novel, I fear, is the one form of writing that cannot be assisted by the critic. It has the largeness, the color, the fluidity of life itself. It has the lights and the shadows. It has the littleness of big politicians and the bigness of Mrs. Crowley. It has Mr. Micawber and Uriah Heep who are themselves their only critics. It has the quiet rhythm of no-hit pitching and the apocalyptic crash of the grand-slam homer. It has Milltown and Rome. It has all the million and one things that make the critic thankful that, as far as the novel is concerned, he is at the least a reviewer and at best a moralist.

GOOD RULE VIOLATED

WILLIAM A. DONAGHY

A SHINING principle of literary style, which all teachers and students of literature might well ponder, appeared in a book published about a year ago. The simplicity of the observation might deceive a casual reader into overlooking its profound sagacity. The author, Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, declares:

In the matter of language, I like severe correctness. By this I mean a long and sound etymological history for every word one uses.

That is well said. It is a protest against the formlessness of much modern writing; a valuable hint on the study of languages, ancient and modern; perhaps a bow to Flaubert and a snub for Stein.

Unfortunately, however, on the very next page of his work, the author forgets or disowns his dictum and lapses into a blunder which is, if deliberate, reprehensible; and in any event, dangerous.

I, as a groper, always used to feel at a disadvantage in dealing with theorists and dogmatists. Now I let them talk. For I observe that these dogmatists all fall sooner or later into the hands of greater dogmatists, either Hitler, Stalin or, in another field, the Pope.

The use of "dogmatists" in the passage is a play on words, a subtle double-exposure of fact and implication. On the face of it, the insinuation that the totalitarian dictators and the Holy Father are, in the same sense, dogmatic, is a simple distortion of the truth.

This, assuredly, is not "severe correctness." One who wanted a word with a "long and sound etymological history" could scarcely find a better than "dogma" as the term is used among Catholics. It had a glorious history for long ages before it passed through the Ellis Island of etymology into English.

Mr. Brooks does admit that the Pope's "dogmatism" is "in another field." True, but the unmistakable insinuation is that the dogmatism is the same in the dictators and the Pope; whatever differences there are arise from the domain in which the dogmatism is exercised.

Now a literary man may not repudiate his insinuations. Literature is made up of insinuation, suggestion and connotation vibrating out and around stolid denotation. Was it MacDonough who said that literature is a record of "half-said" things?

By all means let us have "severe correctness" of words. Crusty old Dean Swift dispatched style as a matter of proper words in proper places; Coleridge had the same idea and, in our day, Robert Bridges. But such correctness can proceed only from accuracy of thought. Newman and Schopenhauer would agree on very little; but they would be at one in contending that cloudy writing was the result of foggy thinking.

Whether from prejudice or dispassionate ignorance Mr. Brooks' thoughts on "dogmatism" were definitely hazy. Because of that, he wrote one passage at least in which he deserted his splendid ideal of severe correctness.

SPRING IN AMERICA—1942

In a gathered garden—
A daisy-less ground—
Honey will be made again
Butterflies found.

Birds make concert tour—
Rivers start their runs
Children chalk the side-walks
When Spring comes.

Father, quick! Unpack the seeds!
Glorify Thy Hand!
Green the grass and set the sun
Nearer to this land.

We have guests to entertain . . .
Refugees from war.
Father, stand to welcome them
In Thy April door.

Whistle them a tune of birds—
Stop their tears with sky
Blow them lilacs in the wind . . .
Father, show them why

Children still play hop-scotch here—
Spring still comes like wonder—
Father, show them Whose wide roof
They are living under.

SISTER AGNES

SPRING WAKENING

The ground stirs lazily in its late-winter sleep.
It, ruminating, rubs the grey-rimed pussy-willow stubble
on its chin;
It yawns a pink-fleshed flash of clay and drowsy tongue
of trillium;
Stretching, it clicks a tentative molar, white as dogwood,
hard as ice-blocks in March rivers;
And blinking brow-bushed, sea-shrewd eyes of winking
bluet,
Swings, slow, two squelching, soggy, brogan-printed
boots to dangle over rushing freshets,
Toes wriggling;
Then onto the wet black turf;
Next stands up tall, puzzled, wind-drunk, morn-mazed,
grinning sleepy-silly, running happy hands through
wood-dark, moss-matted hair,
Sniffing the rain-soft air,
Blowing and hawking over hills to clear its head of
musk-warm woodchuck slumber,
Thumping its trapper's oak-ribbed chest to the soft
dunting of spring thunder,
Before it chops the frost-scales in the brook-wells,
And brims the sap-swelled maple dipper with clear water
To rinse the acrid dead leaves' froust of winter from
its mouth.

CHARLES A. BRADY

RIDDLE OF WHITE AND RED

There is no white like body-white,
No red like blood-bright red;
Unless the red of fire-red wine,
And the white of wheaten bread.

My Love is a wheaten-body white,
And ruddy a wine-blood red:
My Love is in an agony—
A crown upon his head.

Why are you red and white, my Love?
Oh, why are you white and red?
Tell me the riddle of body-white,
Of red blood-bright, I said;

Explain the red of fire-red wine,
And the white of wheaten bread.
Unriddle the riddle, my Love! I cried.
"My Love," he echoed.

HAYDEN A. VACHON

RUINED CHAPEL

The chapel walls are thick and cloister-cool;
Adobe, jewelled with glass from Mexico.
The ebbing sun has left a little pool
In every pane to light the floor below.
No chant, no song of penitence or love,
No supplications for eternal rest
Sound from the choir. Only a brooding dove
Stretches her wings and murmurs from her nest.
Empty of bell and book, the nave is great
With words unspoken, dim and dusky-aisled.
The candelabra lift their arms and wait.
The Virgin bends above the wistful Child.
The night is dark and lonely, and the day
Is lonely too, when no one comes to pray.

YETZA GILLESPIE

HOME FROM WORK

Tell me, serenest bard,
And did you ever see,
Who saw the lowing herd
Wind slowly o'er the lea,
The loaded streetcars tread
Each others' heels of nights
And patient traffic shepherded
By automatic signal lights?

I know the answered word:
Always it is the same;
The nestward man and bird
Have wings no hand can tame.
Darkness at last will spare us
And the peace that heals,
No matter what pinions bear us,
No matter what wheels.

JOACHIM SMET

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BOOKS

NO VAIN REGRETS

A FRENCH SOLDIER SPEAKS. By Jacques. Translated by Helen Waddell. The Macmillan Co. \$1.25

THE soldier who speaks—anonously—is an intense patriot. "No man," he says, "can be sincerely international who is not deeply patriotic. . . . If one is to be a good Pilgrim of Peace one must carry something of the soil of one's country on the sole of one's shoe." He is an intense Christian and Catholic, who finds the soul of France at the Christmas Midnight Mass.

He has no illusions about the morass into which France's politicians led her parliamentary system, against which even Emile Zola pointed the finger of accusation. He is harsh on Pétain, many will consider mercilessly so, and on the "suspect" elements in his Government. Relentless, too, is his reminder that some of the extreme Left who had been shouting against Fascism were the first to go over to Hitler after the debacle.

The burden of his blame, however, rests upon the elite, the "criminal insolvency" of those conservative elements who were the "natural leaders" of the French people. Had these, he holds, hearkened to the wise voice of Pope Leo XIII, had they not "sulked" at the Third Republic, it "would have shown a very different face; it might not at this moment be lying dead, nor the fatherland in the power of the enemy." It was their betrayal—in the name of conservatism—which exposed the *ancien régime* to ignominy and the massed forces of anticlericalism.

This Catholic soldier is positive that France will rise again: will rise, not be "raised up," for she is not dead. He believes in an elite; a natural, not artificial, aristocracy of talent, virtue and principle. He furthermore believes that such an aristocracy can only truly function in a democracy. But: "By your leave, gentlemen; the democracy of the future will be Christian, or will not be at all."

From the seclusion of a British hospital, this soldier has managed to speak words that ring very true to the oldest and best in the thought of France. I hope they will be read widely, and rectify some of the wild talk both of the *bien pensants* and the *esprits forts* of our time. Miss Waddell did an excellent job in the translation.

JOHN LAFARGE

FORTY FATHOMS DEEP

I DIVE FOR TREASURE. By Lieut. Harry E. Rieseberg. Robert M. McBride and Co. \$2.75

AN autobiographical account of strange and thrilling adventure told in an easy, almost racy, style always makes good reading. Lieutenant Rieseberg's story of his search for sunken treasure, of his successes and failures in daring attempts to recapture the golden hoard from the rotting hulks of galleons that have lain for centuries on the ocean floor, of his hand-to-hand battles fathoms-down with giant octopi and tiger sharks, is excellent fare for any reader any time, but especially recommended for summer reading. It will chill on the hottest day.

Although he traces his interest in treasure-trove and his love of the sea and of sailing-ships back to his youth, when his boyhood interest in taxidermy got him a job at the Smithsonian and then a place on an expedition to Africa, Lieutenant Rieseberg actually began deep-sea diving in his thirties, and set out on his first treasure hunt from a Government office. He met his first octopus on his first voyage to the Caribbean waters in search of

the treasure in the *Golden Hinde*. It was almost his last. He fought a giant tiger shark on the bottom near Santa Paula, and met a nest of octopi in the slimy cabin of the *Columbia*, sunk off Lower California. He tells, too, of finding undersea the ruins of Port Royal; and one of his most thrilling escapes was from a gang of cut-throats in a "dive" in the town of Mazatlan, on a Christmas eve, after hearing a wandering Italian harpist play, beautifully, carols and songs from every land.

The book is well written, in that the account moves swiftly, leaps quickly from adventure to adventure, and has a vein of honest humor to temper the enthusiasm of a man speaking of his hobby. Lieutenant Rieseberg lists 463 treasure wrecks which he has verified as to date, location and value insofar as he could in years of patient search and research.

There are also photographs, which are, however, somewhat repetitious of the subject of octopi. But the book is recommended for all from six to sixty. R. F. GRADY

APPROACH TO THE PEACE

THE COMING AGE OF WORLD CONTROL. By Nicholas Doman. Harper and Bros. \$3

BLUEPRINTS for a post-war world are a dime a dozen these days. In this book, however, Professor Doman is more interested in the proper approach to post-war planning than in offering another diagram of the Cosmos.

Two ideas, he thinks, are essential to any realistic solution of the problem of peace in the modern world, and both of them are antagonistic to reigning habits of thought. The first is a denial of the primacy of economics, in the sense that once the economic difficulties of nations have been ameliorated, an era of peace will follow automatically. As acting secretary of the Danubian League, he saw the failure of all efforts to effect unity among Central European countries on an economic basis. Research into the past and study of the present further convinced him that "without political foundations a plan for a world-wide economic order will remain an empty dream."

The other idea developed logically from this anti-Marxist stand, namely, the need for a "supernational" political order. The word is carefully chosen and is in direct antithesis to "international." An international order supposes an agreement of some kind among sovereign national states, and this form of political organization has been, and, the writer believes, always will be, a tragic failure under modern conditions. The only effective political order for our world must, therefore, be supernational, an order in which national states, as we have known them for 300 years, will disappear.

These ideas are developed with a wealth of detail and argument, some of which is startling and highly controversial. He sees the Protestant Reformation as the first German revolt against the European order, and Hitler as completing what Martin Luther left unfinished. To destroy the political framework of the Habsburg Empire, he asserts, was one of the worst blunders at Versailles. And Leftists will bitterly resent his charge that Communism abdicated its birthright of universalism by becoming a Russian thing, and so, lost the future.

Finally, even a reader who agrees with the general trend of Professor Doman's thought will be forced to reject some of his interpretations of history. His excessive admiration of the "universalism" of the French Revolution is a little hard to understand when we recall what a fiery impetus it gave to the spirit of nationalism. To associate Richelieu with Ignatius Loyola and the Counter Reformation is plainly a mistake. If the French Cardinal had not intervened in the Thirty Years' War, Protestantism might never have survived in Germany. And the silly assertion that "the Counter Reformation strove to restore the Inquisition of Tomás de Torquemada" is unworthy of the writer, or of any other intelligent man.

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THE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN. By W. Somerset
Maugham. Doubleday, Doran and Co. \$2.50

THIS is a story of England at war. It begins just before the Germans invaded Poland and carries through the dark night of English defeats to the dawn of that day which the author hopes and believes will bring ultimate victory. The setting, the characters, the events are familiar, typical; but the author gives distinction to it all by the real power which he undoubtedly possesses and sometimes displays.

The author is not one of my favorites. He has done some good work and some which is very bad. The present work has real merit—rapid narration, excellent description, natural and easy dialog and shrewd analysis and vivid presentation of character—but it cannot be given unreserved commendation because of its pagan ethics. When he discovers that his wife, whom he loves passionately, is a German spy, Jim, a younger brother in the family around which the story centers, strangles her. Thereupon Roger, his older brother, suggests suicide as the only way out of the mess. Jim thanks him for standing by in his need, they shake hands and say farewell; Roger goes away with tears in his eyes and poor Jim—who incidentally is a "conchie"—shoots himself; all this is surrounded with an aura of patriotism, heroism and martyrdom.

There is the usual matrimonial triangle which is unusual only in this that the three persons involved are really quite decent and all might have been well with another ending; but the author's solution is all wrong. In this day and age, I suppose that one should not remark upon or object to occasional vulgarities of speech, but some of us still find them objectionable.

ARTHUR J. SHEEHAN

THE EDGE OF THE SWORD. By Vladimir Posner. Translated by Haakon M. Chevalier. Modern Age Books. \$2.50

The significance of this book lies in its authenticity. Vladimir Posner wrote the outline of *The Edge of the Sword* while in active military service with the French forces. The story is written in a strongly naturalistic vein and though it is by no means a masterpiece of form and technique, it does not lack sensitivity.

The novel is an aggregation of incidents that occurred during the last six weeks of the French conflict. It weaves together the stories of Caillol, the radical private, Jacqueline, the ill-fated mother and the fourteen-year-old boy who sacrificed himself for a wounded soldier. The ironic flavor of the book reflects the low ebb of patriotism in France during this period.

The most pathetic aspects of the war, according to Posner, were the wholesale desertion of the officers and the stunning inactivity of the air force. The author narrows the cause of defeat down to a jealous struggle between labor and the bourgeoisie—he weakens his book by revealing some definitely "Red" sympathies.

MARY E. HICKEY

ASSIGNMENT TO BERLIN. By Harry W. Flannery. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3

THE author succeeded William L. Shirer as Berlin correspondent of the Columbia Broadcasting System. His book, tersely written, packed with information, animated with keen observations and shrewd judgments on Nazis and Prussians, covers the eventful year 1941. There is no padding, no attempt to work up emotion. This young journalist, some years out of Notre Dame, went to Berlin a bit of an isolationist; he returned convinced that Hitler's policy of world domination was to make our entry into the war inevitable.

He has much to say of the wiles and the stupidity of Nazi censors, but he also suspects that some officials secretly hate Hitler and all his works. He visited many German cities, was escorted to Paris, was allowed to see conquered Athens and Crete. Being a Catholic, he is naturally concerned about persecution of religion in Germany. In sharp contrast to many of his colleagues he speaks well of Marshal Pétain. Like all who have lived

in war-ridden Europe, his thoughts constantly revert to food, or the lack of it. Practically everywhere, he notes, the rich and powerful live in luxury, while the poor go hungry. Many detailed descriptions are given of the effect of bombings in different German cities. When Russian planes first flew over Berlin, the people whispered the news in the streets, but for some days the Nazi newspapers did not mention the fact.

The author writes with an eye fixed, not on sales or sensation, but on truth. He uses no nonsensical Freudian formulas to explain Hitler or Himmler. Exit the old sensational reporting; we are at war: we want facts, not thrills. Mr. Flannery tells what he saw and heard, not what he imagined in Berlin. His devotion to the absent Ruth, his wife, gives a pleasant touch to an otherwise grim story.

GEORGE T. EBERLE

THE FRIENDS OF THE PEOPLE. By Alfred Neumann. The Macmillan Co. \$2.50

COUNTESS Nora Wydenbruck and the author, now a scenario writer for an American film company, have given us this English translation of a long, slow-moving novel of the two troublesome years from the downfall of the Second Empire in France, through the beginnings of the Third French Republic, to the suppression of the Paris Commune.

In spite of the historical characters introduced, Leon Gambetta, Adolphe Theirs, Georges Clemenceau and others, the novel lacks realism; the characters do not live. Mr. Neumann's conscious efforts for rhetorical effect and his highly poetic imagination have somewhat marred his art as a story teller. His evident admiration for the decadent Paul Verlaine's poetry, "symbolist" in form and mystical in effect, may have influenced his style. Verlaine and his poetry permeate and give the novel its tone.

The main character, a boy of sixteen years who talks like a mature man, possesses a strong imagination and an equally strong loyalty to Riglout, one of the revolutionary leaders, whose aims he does not always understand. Their friendship is not convincing. The lad's imagination is useful to him in his love for Leonie, a woman of questionable character who is within a year of his mother's age. There is always the real Leonie and the Leonie of his mind's creation. Once or twice this love for Leonie interferes with his loyalty.

The author, a refugee from the Nazi regime, shows little sympathy toward the revolutionists. In one brief passage he draws an admirable picture of the Archbishop of Paris, victim of the Commune.

HUGH F. SMITH

SAINT CECIL CYPRIAN. By Joseph H. Fichter, S.J. B. Herder Co. \$2.50

HERE is one saint whose life is anything but dull. In fact, it has all the elements of vivid drama, even of melodrama. He was a pagan and a successful lawyer in Carthage, the second city of the Roman empire, during the early part of the third century. The sun of his physical life was beginning to set when he became a Christian, but his religious and intellectual activities thereafter were record-breaking. He was ordained priest immediately and consecrated bishop two years later. Soon he was forced into hiding by the ruthless persecution of Emperor Decius. Emerging from it, he engaged with Pope Stephen in one of history's most famous controversies, the validity of Baptism by heretics. He was martyred for the Faith in 258.

There is indeed plenty of room for differences of opinion concerning this great African defender of the faith. The fact is that he made a real blunder—and stoutly defended it—in a very important matter: the question of baptizing heretics,

writes Father Fichter, who further states:

I have not attempted to give definitive conclusions on the major events of the Saint's career, even on the question *De Unitate* and the baptismal controversy, for the simple reason that he himself left them inconclusive.

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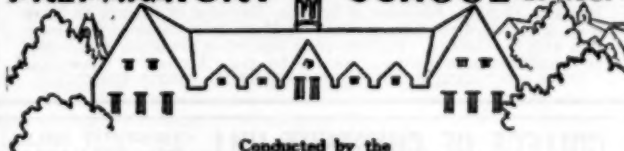
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This objectivity is characteristic of the entire book, which wisely allows Saint Cecil Cyprian to speak for himself. This work, incidentally, is the first life of the Saint in English by a Catholic.

DANIEL M. O'CONNELL, S.J.

GERMANY, THE AGGRESSOR THROUGHOUT THE AGES. By F. J. C. Hearnshaw. Foreword by Sir Thomas H. Holland. E. P. Dutton and Co. \$3

THIS book asks the question: Is there some ineradicable quality of aggressiveness which makes the German people a perpetual menace to the peace of Europe? The answer, of course, is affirmative. In 281 pages, Professor Hearnshaw sketches the military history of the Germanic peoples from 113 B.C. to the invasion of Poland in 1939. A college-boy with a facile pen and a survey-course in European history could have done as well. The book makes no attempt to analyze the factors behind the present world mix-up and proposes no real solution for after-war problems. Despite protests to the contrary, the book is but another product of war-time partisanship.

CHARLES W. REINHARDT

MEN WITHOUT COUNTRY. By Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Little, Brown and Co. (An Atlantic Monthly Press Book). \$1.50

AN American correspondent visits an aerodrome of Free French fliers on the Kentish Downs, and there learns from liaison officer Freycinet the story of six *evadés*, escaped convicts from Cayenne penal colony, who wanted to fight for France. There is action aplenty in this lean and lithe story; but it seems little more than a well-written scenario for motion picture production, and lacks the universality of basic idea of Steinbeck's *The Moon Is Down*, to which it is akin at least in brevity.

R. F. CONLIN

THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE. Edited by S. Edgar Farguhar and H. Horton Sheldon. The Grolier Society, Inc.

NOW that the necessity of science in education is pressing upon us with an urgency born of war, we are doubly indebted to the publishers of the Book of Knowledge for bringing out this second volume which is really a 1941 year book of discovery and invention.

The contributing editors are for the most part authorities on the subjects upon which they write, or are at least in the forefront of the scientific activities reported on.

In addition to the articles on specialized topics arranged alphabetically from Aeronautics to Zoology, one finds what to many will be the most interesting and valuable feature of the book—a group of biographical sketches of the men and women who have contributed most to scientific advancement in 1941 as well as obituaries of outstanding scientists who have died during the year under review. These sketches usually include photographs of the individuals in question; something which improves any publication of the "Who's Who" type. For there is a satisfaction in knowing what the man who is isolating a new vitamin or building a new atom-smasher really looks like.

While in general the articles give definite and concise information, and so will constitute handy norms for settling disputes on such points as the maximum speed of pursuit planes, there are of necessity lacunae in details which are military secrets.

JOHN S. O'CONOR

R. F. GRADY, until recently professor of English at Loyola College, Baltimore, has been appointed to the same position at the University of Scranton.

HUGH F. SMITH is a professor in the Department of English, the University of Detroit.

JOHN S. O'CONOR is professor of physics at Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md., and writes for scientific journals.

THEATRE

THE CAT SCREAMS. It is a pity that so many of our press critics are getting so tired. The condition is probably natural after a season which has offered us eighty-six new theatre productions and only seven successes. To sit through seventy-nine failures to find seven successes is a strain, and this undoubtedly accounts for the inability of many reviewers to see anything commendable in recent New York offerings.

Last month the majority of our reviewers gave us a dirge over a new play driven off the stage in five nights by that mournful music. It had a corking title for a melodrama—*The Cat Screams*. It had fine direction by Arthur Pierson and excellent acting by every member of its cast. It was, to be sure, written by a new playwright—Basil Beyea—from a book by a new author—Todd Dunning—and it was put on by a new producer, Martha Hodge. But this meant a lot of new blood.

It was, I think, another of those offerings prematurely killed by the icy chill of critical disapproval. One critic announced in his review that the audience "greeted each new death with a scream of delighted laughter." He is a critic I admire, but I heard no such laughter during the second-night performance, nor had any of the many friends I asked about it heard such laughter. The audience was silent, attentive and seemingly deeply interested. Moreover, there were only three murders and a suicide in the offering—not too many for a melodrama. But if some spectators had laughed, it would not have impressed me. I have seen melodramas on stages in all the great cities of the civilized world. I have almost never failed to hear some hysterical women laugh during the big scenes. Once in London, in a great success, such an uproar actually stopped the play. The laughers work off their nervous tension that way.

The Cat Screams did not really have a fair tryout. It was condemned with such vigor, and it died with such promptness under the condemnation, that we shall never know whether, as its audiences and a few of its reviewers suspect, the play would have survived under fair treatment. It certainly had many faults, but it also had merits, and the merits were hardly touched on in the reviews. They were, in addition to the excellent acting, a fairly good plot, an interesting Mexican background, and a number of really striking types and situations. With all those assets a five-night tryout was not enough, and I blame Miss Hodge for losing faith so quickly in a play she had put on with such skill.

For, after all, plays are written for the public, not for the critics; and to let half a dozen critics decide the fate of a play without giving the general public a chance to vote is very unreasonable. Also, as one old enough to be their maiden aunt who has certainly seen many more plays than they have, I advise these bright young men to forget their fatigue during the acting of a new play and to turn their brilliant brains first on the play itself, and then on the situations of its author, its producer, and its cast. All these men and women have worked for months, under unusual nervous tension, on a production the critics killed by an hour's work on their reviews.

If a play is really hopeless, let's kill it swiftly. But if final judgment is to be given after one performance by a critic with a headache, two others with acute indigestion, and several more who are victims of near-nervous exhaustion, there's something wrong.

The Cat Screams is now "in storage." But I'd like to pay a special tribute to the acting of Herbert Yost as Professor Parkham, to that of Gordon Oliver as his son Carl, and most of all to the insight and ability with which Mildred Dunning played the role of the spinster, Miss Giddon. I must not forget, either, the convincingness Cecilia Collejo put into the role of Consuelo, a charming Mexican girl.

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FILMS

BAMBI. There appears a Disney-created forest of majestic beauty, peopled with friendly animals. No human being is seen, but humans are identified as monsters who kill harmless animals and cause forest fires. The newborn deer, Bambi, is welcomed into life by warm-hearted, four-legged confrères, and begins romping in the colorful woods and meadows. He beholds his mother, who taught him to fear men, wounded mortally by hunters. He becomes fond of a charming doe, named Faline. A forest fire drives the animals to an island, but they eventually return. Characteristic Disney creations abound. There are the funny rabbit, Thumper; Flower, the skunk; the blasé Mr. Owl, and many others. Bambi learns, and this is the message of the feature, that after every Winter there comes a Spring. The story ends, as it begins, with the birth of new forest "princes," when Bambi becomes the proud father of twins. In this production, Disney achieves a new high in technical excellence. The voice effects, the music, the color, the story blend into an enchanting stream of scene and sound that will captivate the family. (Disney-RKO)

BEYOND THE BLUE HORIZON. It is not unusual in films for an American girl to be raised in a jungle by an ape and a tiger, after her parents have been killed in a Forbidden Valley by a lunatic elephant. The girl is, of course, an heiress. This photoplay, then, will not provide moviegoers with anything strikingly novel in the story structure. After Dorothy Lamour has grown up under the loving ape-tiger care, she is stumbled upon by an American explorer who hauls her off to the U.S.A. to establish her claim to the millions. Jungle-born character number two, Richard Denning, a circus performer, enters Dot's life here. As soon as this is achieved, it is found that everybody must return to the jungle and search for missing papers, and soon there is a safari in the bush, composed of Dorothy in a sarong, Richard in the latest-style leopard skin trunks, Jack Haley and others. They reach the Forbidden Valley, kill the looney elephant, find the missing papers, bring all things to a happy fadeout. The whole business, directed by Alfred Santell, is done in superb Technicolor, and will prove moderately diverting for some adult escapists. (Paramount).

EAGLE SQUADRON. A tribute to Americans who joined the R.A.F. prior to United States entry into the war, scenes of actual battle, and a fictional story constitute the essential elements of this film which was produced by Walter Wanger with the cooperation of the British Government. Convincing and impressive is the tribute paid to each member of the Eagle Squadron. Calculated to stir even the phlegmatic pulse are the battle sequences, showing R.A.F. aircraft in combat with the enemy, Commando raiders crossing the Channel and staging a daring attack on Germans in France, the spine-chilling bombing of London. The weak element of the picture is the fictional story which fails to sustain the dramatic power built up by the tribute and the fighting scenes. Robert Stack and Diana Barrymore appear in this adult screenplay directed by Arthur Lubin. (Universal)

ACROSS THE PACIFIC. Humphrey Bogart turns in another thriller. Ostensibly discharged dishonorably from the United States Army, actually in Army Intelligence, he combats a Japanese spy ring and frustrates a plot to blow up the Panama Canal. Mary Astor and the fat Sydney Greenstreet, who made such a hit in *The Maltese Falcon*, lend support. The cast, the script, John Huston's direction pump plenty of suspense into this adult picture, lift it far above the routine level. (Warners)

JOHN A. TOOMEY

CORRESPONDENCE

CHARLES CARROLL'S PRAYER

EDITOR: When our country was preparing to celebrate the golden jubilee of the signing (August 2, 1776) of the Declaration of Independence, Charles Carroll was the only signer living. A committee representing the city of New York visited him and requested that he subscribe his name once again to a copy of the document. He also added a few words to his signature.

Those few words—they were really a prayer—were reprinted as an Independence Day editorial by *The National Intelligencer*, Washington's leading newspaper, on July 4, 1842. No better editorial could have been written. His recommendation to the present and future generations is worth repeating:

Grateful to Almighty God for the blessings which, through Jesus Christ Our Lord, he has conferred on my beloved country in her emancipation, and on myself, in permitting me, under circumstances of mercy, to live to the age of eighty-nine years, and to survive the fiftieth year of American Independence adopted by Congress on the 4th of July, 1776, which I originally subscribed on the 2nd day of August of the same year, and of which I am now the last surviving signer, I do hereby recommend to the present and future generations the principles of that important document as the best earthly inheritance their ancestors could bequeath to them, and pray that the civil and religious liberties they have secured to my country may be perpetuated to remotest posterity and extended to the whole family of men.

Such words deserve to be remembered, especially in these days.

Worcester, Mass.

REV. WILLIAM L. LUCEY, S.J.

HOLLYWOODING THE SACRAMENTS

EDITOR: Thanks to the Reverend Thomas R. Murphy for his letter in *AMERICA*, June 20, decrying the irreverent candid camera for violating the sanctuary and "snapping Almighty God."

It is a sorry day for us when some of our own who ought to know better have "gone Hollywood" and taken away our rights to the most intimate moments of our soul's communion. Will we yet have to see, perhaps, a candid camera picture of some faithful soul gasping out its last few breaths to its Creator?

Milwaukee, Wis.

E. J. SCULLY

VERSAILLES NOT SO RAW

EDITOR: I have just finished *Whipped-Up War Hatred Breeds Ugly Post-War Frankenstein*, by Courtenay Savage (*AMERICA*, June 20). The Versailles Treaty had very little to do with the living conditions in Germany . . . they were always miserable for the workingmen, and I have tried to portray them in my book, *Peace and Bread* (published by Dorrance), covering the period from 1907-24.

After prolonged negotiations, Germany's indemnity to the victors had been fixed (in May, 1921) at \$33,000,000,000, which had to be paid in money or kind over a period of forty-two years. Toward the end of 1922, only a few small payments had been made and Germany declared herself insolvent. New negotiations and the results were in turn the Dawes plan and the Young plan, but to Germany this meant nothing else but another scrap of paper.

In 1931, President Hoover declared a moratorium on all international debts, and two years later the German

Junkers had found a substitute for Kaiser Wilhelm . . . his name was Hitler.

Right after the war, Germany engineered an inflation, and by the summer of 1923, a billion marks were equal to twenty-five cents in American money. The German government could prove that the internal debts had been wiped out, and consequently they received a series of large loans from private investors in the United States. This money—and this money alone—has been used to modernize and retool the German factories and so lay the groundwork for Hitler's gigantic rearmament schemes. Is there still anyone who maintains that Germany received a raw deal at Versailles?

Evanston, Ill.

LUDWIG GREIN

HARNESSING THE GOOD

EDITOR: The articles by Thomas Woodlock and Courtenay Savage (*AMERICA*, June 20) were two of the most astute and heartening things I have read of late.

The analysis of Mr. Woodlock is so devastating (and devastating because factual) that I would wish it read by every thinking man in and out of the Service. Yet it was gratifying that the strong note of Christian optimism concluded his article, for here we have the truth that all things are possible with God—yes, even the establishment of a society in which love would be the ruling factor.

The nice undercurrent of gentle pleading in Mr. Savage's article seemed to complement the optimism of Mr. Woodlock.

How I want to shake those who deny the possibility of a good peace; yet I know their denial is natural in view of the fact that all their judgments spring from minds steeped in anthropocentric living. There is so much good to be harnessed in our American people, the vast majority of whom may be called irreligious.

In the South.

PVT. GEORGE J. MCMORROW

THE FRENCH AREN'T WEeping

EDITOR: This excerpt from a letter from a French soldier in Unoccupied France may be of interest to your readers:

In spite of everything, I think we must have confidence in the future of our country. There has sprung up a great movement for national rebirth. The Maréchal Pétain is admirable. He had the courage to take the command in the darkest hour. Without him, I dare not think to what depths France might have fallen. He has many detractors, those who miss the easy, selfish life of former years. I know that in America he is much criticized. People accuse him of having sold himself to the Germans. That is not true. The Maréchal has at heart only the good of France, but he cannot do as he wishes, for France has been conquered and three-quarters of her territory are in the hands of the enemy.

Life is hard in France. Everything is scarce. The food situation, especially in the large towns, is critical. But those who are the most desperate are the prisoners. No one who has not been one of them, can understand the great moral distress of these men, especially of the common soldiers who have no money, and who know that wives and children are suffering terribly from privations in France, without being able to do anything about it. They know too, that their captivity will be long, perhaps for years.

Philadelphia, Pa.

A. B. C.

EVENTS



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CIRCULATION of money continued at a brisk pace. . . . A North Dakota justice of the peace received twenty-nine cents cash for marrying a couple. . . . A Missouri bridegroom, immediately after his wedding, gave the officiating magistrate a quarter. The magistrate handed the bridegroom ten cents change. . . . A Burlington, Vt., ice dealer received ten dollars from a former customer for ice purchased in 1894. . . . An Eastern widow left \$3,000 to her nine-year-old Spitz dog. A human being will receive the principal when the Spitz dies. . . . When an elderly lady died after bequeathing \$1,000 each to her cousins "irrespective of the remoteness of their relationship," two thousand remote relatives put in a claim for a share of her \$500,000 estate. Five first cousins argued in court that each member of the human race, as a descendant of Adam and Eve, could claim some sort of relationship with the lady. Because of the admitted impossibility of spreading the money throughout the whole human race, the first cousins maintained that only near relatives should participate in the estate. The court agreed, the two thousand remote cousins were barred from the pay-off. . . . New methods in judicial processes were advocated. . . . A Chicago judge urged the installation of spanking machines in divorce courts. Addressing a young couple, parents of a year-old daughter, who wanted a divorce, he declared: "There ought to be a spanking machine in every divorce court for such cases as yours."

Objects of considerable antiquity featured the news. . . . A university professor in the Southwest received eggs which had been buried in China for more than a hundred years. He staged an Oriental dinner at which his guests ate the venerable eggs without any subsequent ill effects. . . . Workers in the Near East accidentally uncovered the remains of an ancient Roman settlement. These workers came upon a buried swimming-pool which once had been equipped with an ingenious heating system. . . . Upon rooms with marble floors. . . . Upon murals which still preserved their pigments. . . . Those Romans of yesterday who inhabited the once palatial residences never dreamed that their stately buildings would one day lie deep in the earth beneath a primitive Arab village. . . . If they could return to life, how amazed they would be upon perceiving the completeness with which the world they knew has vanished. . . . How strange the modern set-up would seem to them. . . .

Two or three or four thousand years from now workmen will be digging up dusty ruins from the long-buried world of 1942. . . . If they have newspapers in the year 2342, there will be newspaper accounts somewhat like those announcing antiquarian discoveries today, except that the language used will be different from any language employed now. . . . A dispatch in 2342 might run as follows: "The squad of workers who last week uncovered the remains of an ancient city continued making discoveries of the utmost importance to antiquarians. The city is believed to have flourished sometime in the twentieth century. The fantastic clothing the city's inhabitants wore, the quaint language they spoke, the grotesque customs they followed: these and a number of other historically valuable characteristics of the long vanished civilization have been brought to light." . . . How bizarre our world will appear to the people of the year 2342. . . . And how strange the scene in 2342 would seem to us. . . . One part of that scene, however, would be familiar. . . . There will be a Pope in 2342 A.D. His name may even be Pius. Perhaps Pius XXIV or Pius XXX. . . . And he will be governing the same Catholic Church which Pope Pius XII governs today.

THE PARADER